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## Events of the Week.

WE chronicle the war, but the war is no longer the dominating event. That is the advance of the European Revolution. The events at Kiel make it clear that the spirit of Bolshevism has spread to the German Navy, and we may now assume that it will in due course reach the Army as well, if, indeed, as the later and more precipitate movements of the German retreat seem to show, it has not already penetrated to the soldiers. In practice the war is already in suspense everywhere. The two German Generals and the two Admirals who are to negotiate the armistice are within the Allied lines, and have been received by Marshal Foch. Every other belligerent army but that in the west has ceased to exist; and the terms under which the sole remaining conflict will be brought to an end, as well as the following peace, may be almost obsolete before they are published. It is not the military resistance of Germany which is now the formidable fact for our statesmanship; it is the character and extent of her social disintegration.

THE American Note of November 5th clears up the situation. The Allies have informed the President that they reserve to themselves complete freedom of action with regard to the freedom of the seas, and that they understand by "restoration" compensation for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by Germany's conduct of the war. With this last interpretation the President declares himself in agreement. Thus, upon the substance of thirteen of the fourteen points there is apparent agreement. It is not clear whether Germany is to be allowed in any sense to conduct herself as a diplomatic equal in the negotiations. Much depends upon whether she is allowed to put forward her own views as to the detailed interpretation of the fourteen points—a concession which was certainly contemplated by the language of President Wilson's second Note. The "Northcliffe" terms seem to veto this. But even more depends upon whether the populations concerned are to be allowed to make their wishes heard. Finally, Marshal Foch is authorised to receive representatives of the German Government, not only military commanders. This may

be read as a concession to Germany's military pride. In fact, however, only military and naval officers have been sent to meet the Marshal.

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It is possible that one of the results of the final American Note will be to make it appear to the German people that the question of the Kaiser's abdication is no longer actual. At least we may expect that the propagandists for the House of Hohenzollern—and there are a good many left in Germany—will endeavor to exploit it in this sense. A great deal more attention has been given to the exact language of the President's Notes in Germany than they have received here. The Germans will now be puzzling themselves to discover wherein the difference of treatment can consist which is to be given to Germany if she removes the Kaiser (for this was the general interpretation of the alternatives which the President offered). The removal or retention of the Kaiser can now obviously make no difference in the terms of the armistice. The question remains for Germany whether it will make any difference in the terms of peace. And indeed it is not easy to show how it can in black and white. Yet there is no doubt that his abdication would in fact ease the situation tremendously. Unfortunately, it is exactly in the power to appreciate such nuances that the German people has always shown itself deficient. Since it is evident that the Kaiser himself is too small a man to realize the service he can do his country, the present situation may drag on awhile.

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LORD ROBERT CECIL'S speech to the American editors on November 5th had a good deal of the dignity and reasonableness we have learned to expect from him. Though it contained, and indeed could contain, little that was definite, the tone was welcome enough in these days of shrieking triumph. He even dared to say that Great Britain must be prepared, in the paramount interest of the organization of the world's peace, for self-control and renunciation. His emphasis upon the responsibility which lay upon the English-speaking peoples for "the final settlement" of the war, and his suggestion that our aim must still be not an increase of power but the establishment of a lasting peace were wholly admirable, though they serve to intensify our regret that we have yet to hear sentiments of this kind expressed by the Prime Minister. And we are inclined to wonder whether even Lord Robert Cecil himself was prepared to be taken so completely at his word as he was by the American spokesman who took cognizance—it was in the exact sense of the word, a *constatation*—of the fact that Great Britain did not want any more territory, and had the unconscious malice to add that "this was a reversal of her past history."

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THE Kaiser, apparently in order to escape from the political pressure of those who urge him to abdicate, has suddenly left Berlin for Headquarters. The pressure is evidently being applied from two quarters—from the Socialists, who threaten resignation from the Government, and the ultra-radical section of the bourgeoisie,

and from Bavaria, whose advice is not wholly disinterested. The Kaiser finds support not in his capacity as Emperor, but as King of Prussia. The corps of officers of the Prussian army and the *Beamten* of the Prussian civil service have in the past shown a power of stubborn resistance to democracy. The Police President of Berlin goes on gaily forbidding and breaking up meetings which attempt to discuss the Kaiser's abdication, and if these things are still possible in Berlin, it goes without saying that the powers of the conservative bureaucracy in the other parts of the Prussian kingdom are exercised just as they used to be. The real change in Prussia will come through a complete purge of practically the whole body of higher officials, and unless this is done quickly the possibilities of friction of the extreme sort will go on increasing. Although the power of the Junkers is essentially broken, they still have capacity for harm. They may easily precipitate a revolutionary movement.

THE internal situation indeed develops apace. On November 7th, arrived two items of news of the utmost importance. A revolutionary mutiny has broken out in Kiel, where the revolutionaries, avowed Socialists of the extreme Left, have taken control of two large battleships, and have apparently successfully defied all attempts at recapture. The Majority Socialists have issued a manifesto denouncing the idea of further resistance. The two events are not actually connected. But it is hardly conceivable that the authorities will venture any attempt at violent suppression of the naval mutiny, after the Majority Socialist manifesto. This makes it practically impossible for Germany to continue the war, especially as the strike movement, which is essentially a revolutionary one, has spread to Hamburg, Lubeck, Altona, Flensburg. The Socialists disclaim all responsibility for the internal consequences if a policy of resistance to the last is persisted in. And indeed their own position would be hopelessly compromised in the eyes of their proletarian supporters if they remained in a Government directly responsible for extreme measures against the mutineers.

THE sequence of events within what was the Dual Monarchy is so kaleidoscopic that it defies the chronicler. National Councils have been set up not merely in the great sections of the Hapsburg Empire, in German Austria, in Croatia-Slavonia, in Bohemia, and in Hungary, but in all the territories within these units inhabited by national minorities. Thus the Rumanians of Transylvania, the Serbs of the Banat, the Ukrainians of the Bukovina, the Slovenes of Styria and Carniola, the Germans of Silesia and those of Moravia, have established minor national councils. In spite of a superficial simplicity, the situation is obscure in the extreme. For instance, it seems that the Austro-Hungarian fleet was deliberately handed over to the South Slav National Council by the Imperial authorities, and as the outcome of previous negotiations. And there is a considerable probability that the South Slav Council (which is apparently completely distinct from the Jugo-Slav Council outside Austria-Hungary) contemplates not merely federalism, but the maintenance of a Hapsburg as its ruler.

THE position, from the large standpoint of European order, is most critical in German-Austria. The fact that its territory is immediately in the rear of a vast army in process of disintegration, and that even without this influx of a disorganised soldiery the country was on the verge of starvation, makes bloodshed and disturbance inevitable. But the danger is incalculably increased by the nature of Austrian Socialism. Outwardly the Austrian Socialists are solid behind the National Council, whose formation was indeed almost exclusively the work of the Socialist leader, Victor Adler, who holds the vital position of Foreign Minister in the new Government. But the control of the official Socialist leaders over the movement is precarious in the extreme. The real leader of the revolutionary Socialists is Otto Bauer, who as a prisoner in Russia came into intimate relations with the

Bolshevik leaders. In order to keep control of the demobilized soldiers the National Council has itself taken the lead in the formation of Soldiers' Councils. But in spite of this a Red Guard has been formed in Vienna under the command of a corporal; and it has already come into open collision with the Soldiers' Councils. It seems to need but a single spark to set red ruin ablaze.

IN Hungary, if we can trust the present reports, revolution seems to have been satisfied with the single sacrifice of Count Tisza, who was deliberately executed by a body of soldiers on November 1st. In a sense Tisza deserved his fate, and no doubt he expected it. Save for this and sundry excesses in the country districts, the Hungarian revolution has been bloodless. It is however hardly credible that the Magyar oligarchy should have disappeared in a night, and even though all the names in the new government belong to the democrats of what was the extreme Left, we should like further evidence that there has been no stage-management. The proceeding of the revolution seems to have been eminently constitutional. The Emperor was formally requested to absolve the Government from its oath of allegiance, which was then formally taken to the National Council, with Karolyi at its head. The new Government has announced that the question, "Republic or Monarchy," is to be settled by a vote to be taken immediately by plebiscite.

THE events in Europe have greatly reduced the importance of our domestic happenings. The General Election, we are told, has now been postponed till January; even Mr. George shrinking from an adventure which, conceived in his personal interests, seems now like an outrageous aggravation of the grave, and, in spite of the impending peace, the increasing troubles of the hour. The change of date will postpone, but cannot avert, the breach between the virtually Tory Coalition and the Liberal Party, whose destruction it seeks. In his Scottish speeches Mr. Asquith has declined to support a Government without a policy. In other words, he has refused a blank cheque to Mr. George. At the same time, he has re-affirmed the Liberal doctrines of Home Rule and Free Trade, adding a phrase (unreported in some of the newspapers) which points, we hope, to a big measure of land reform. It is no time for Liberalism either to fear its earlier principles or to survey the new field of politics with half-opened eyes. In our view, a tacit understanding should at once be arrived at with the Labor Party against the reactionary Coalition, which rules the Britain of 1918 much in the spirit in which the Liverpool Government ruled the Britain of 1815.

THIS character of the Georgian Government was sufficiently revealed by its treatment of Mr. O'Connor's motion to make a grant of Home Rule to Ireland part of the present European settlement. The motion was refused and rejected by 196 votes to 115. The majority included thirty-six renegade Liberals—sixteen of whom, including Sir Gordon Hewart and Mr. Shortt, are retained by the Government, the balance being free to desert their principles—and six "Labor" men of the official sort. We hope their constituents, Liberal and Labor, will deal with them. The Government's policy was a direct breach of Mr. George's pledge to "accept responsibility" for a Home Rule Bill. Mr. Law declined that responsibility, and threw it back on the Irish. "Settle with Ulster if you can" was his last word.

THE retreat of the German armies in the West has been accentuated until it approaches a rout. After fighting resolutely against the Allied attacks they are giving ground from the Scheldt to the Meuse. Towards the end of last week the British, French and American troops attacked West of the Scheldt. The following day the French and Americans began a battle West of the Meuse



on a thirty-mile front, and the British and Canadians attacked South of Valenciennes on a six-mile front. On Monday, the 1st, 3rd, and 4th British Armies, with Debeney's 1st French Army, attacked the thirty-five mile line between Valenciennes and Guise. The battle front was thus gradually built up in five days to over eighty miles in extent, and the cumulative force of the attack compelled the enemy to retreat. Territory of great strategical value was captured and over 25,000 prisoners with many guns. But the Germans had apparently pre-arranged their plans, for the Allies lost contact with the main retiring body on several parts of the front. On their side, the Italians found no effective resistance in their path. They have entered Trent and landed at Trieste; and the Austro-Italian campaign is over. The Serbs have reconquered almost the whole of their country, forced the enemy over the Danube and entered Belgrade. The less spectacular movements on the Western front are, however, the most important of these operations.

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GENERAL PLUMER's advance with American and French troops was designed to turn the Ghent position from the south, and in the first day it had reached the Scheldt crossings at Gavere. On the whole of the ten mile front, one of the most important sectors of the line, the advance had reached an average depth of five miles. The attack by the English County troops and Canadians on the following day was to sweep clear the obstacles which defended the gap between Valenciennes and the Forest of Mormal. The two first streams, the Selle and Ecaillon, had already been crossed, and the Germans lay behind the Rhonelle. Despite the heavy resistance and repeated counter-attacks, the troops forced the river defences, and reached the railway line beyond. Their success was complete, and on Saturday morning part of the 4th Canadian Division entered Valenciennes in the half-light and found the town free. The German flag was still flying; it was hauled down, and the French substituted. The citizens at once added the British standard. The German resistance seemed to weaken suddenly, and the British troops advanced some miles further, and thus prepared the way for the great British and French attack of Monday. In the centre of the front of the new battle, the Forest of Mormal stood out like a rock. The British-Canadian advance had partly turned it by the north, or the great attack would have been delivered under a grave handicap.

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It is difficult to picture the impetus with which the 1st, 3rd, and 4th British armies and 1st French army advanced; but from the fragmentary reports we gather an impression of tremendous force, and the whole sector at once gave way. It lies just above the elbow of the German Front, and any serious advance would obviously necessitate considerable readjustments. The line was strongly held, but on the first day alone the British troops captured 10,000 prisoners and 200 guns. Landrecies fell and half of the Forest of Mormal was cleared. The Sambre-Oise Canal was crossed by British and French troops. On Tuesday Guise fell to the French, and the Forest of Mormal was completely cleared of the enemy, and the British began to approach Maubeuge. The success had been so serious that the Germans were found to be in precipitate retreat on the whole front between the Scheldt and the Aisne. In some parts of the line the Allies lost contact with the enemy, and though the rearguards were brushed aside the main body was not encountered. Meanwhile Gourand's and Liggett's armies were again advancing west of the Meuse. The pressure in this sector of the line had been incessant since the first blow on September 26th. But the advance had not justified expectations, particularly in front of Liggett's 1st American Army. The new assault fared better than the earlier ones, or rather, reaped what they had sown.

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GENERAL GOURAUD struck on the two-mile sector about Vouziers, and the Americans on the eighteen-mile line which carried the Allied front to the Meuse. The

Americans seem to have achieved a better correlation between the various arms and elements of attack, and their first day's advance made an average four miles. The next day it had been doubled, and the last strongholds of the Argonne were clear. On Monday the attack was extended to the east bank of the Meuse, and the extent of the advance was fourteen miles. But the Germans had already made up their minds to fall back, and on the second day of the advance the Americans lost contact with them about Buzancy. The whole question was one of pace, and at first the Americans were not able to achieve the pace which would have gravely imperilled the Germans. The sector upon which they were engaged was one of the most important on the Western Front, and the American advance, though valuable, was not decisive. But it rapidly quickened out, and the historic town of Sedan, so far as it lies west of the Meuse, is now in American hands. The German armies in the West are thus separated from those in the South. It is but just that our attention should be more greatly concerned with the events on the Western Front than with those in Italy, for on the 29th the Austrian generalissimo was already seeking an armistice. The following day his envoys were passed through the Italian lines, and by Friday there was no longer any effective resistance. It is idle to compute prisoners after that.

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On Sunday the Austrians signed the armistice, which took effect from Monday at 3 p.m. The terms are tantamount to complete surrender. The army is to be reduced to twenty divisions at pre-war strength. We may put this as an effective strength of thirteen divisions. The territory evacuated gives Italy a tactically defensive frontier; and the Allies have carefully foreseen the possibilities of a campaign through Austria-Hungary by providing for freedom of way over all communications, and for requisitions. Marshal Mackensen and his forces have only fifteen days to evacuate Austro-Hungarian territories, and the navy is rendered innocuous. In fine, having regard to the present circumstances in Austria-Hungary, there is not a thing the Allies have omitted to turn the country into a docile neutral. The Allies gain by the confiscation of all military and railway equipment in the occupied territories, and their new line offers a convenient starting point for an expedition to Vienna, or even directly against Bavaria if that should prove feasible. We are even in the position of Allies of Austria, for the surrender of half the divisional corps and army artillery collected at points to be arranged later is tantamount to a gratuitous preparation of an offensive against Germany. The fleeting glory which von Arz gleaned at Brest and in Roumania is clouded for ever by the acceptance of such terms.

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THE Turkish surrender is covered by a tinge of romance. It was known to some few persons last week that General Townshend had appeared in the Aegean to arrange an armistice and the terms were rapidly arranged. The most valuable of these to the Allies is the opening of the Black Sea and the surrender of all Turkish war vessels. The demobilization of the army is of less interest, since it had been beaten so thoroughly. But the control of all railways and wireless telegraph and cable stations gives a better safeguard than was exacted from Austria-Hungary or indeed thought feasible; and there is some attempt at reciprocity. All Allied prisoners are restored in both cases. We are to occupy Batum and Baku, and if necessary Armenia. These with the other technical military provisions of the armistice give us a much more effective control of Turkey than we could hope to have of Austria-Hungary; but in the result, though we are now masters of the East, we benefit less, since Turkey can only help us negatively. The greatest military effect of this and the Austrian Armistice is the freeing of troops for service elsewhere. Turkey is no longer a preoccupation, and if Austria-Hungary cannot similarly be written off, it is because we do not know whether there is any longer an Austria-Hungary to enforce the terms of armistice.

## Politics and Affairs.

### A DICTATED PEACE.

"Do the people want a peace of Liberation, of Justice, or a peace of Imperialism, Standpatism, and Militarism, that leaves all the old causes of the war exactly where they were before we undertook to root out militarism, the rule of force, and war itself?"—(*Democratic Appeal in support of the President's Policy.*)

THERE is danger lest in the hour when the great conception of international polity known as the League of Nations has taken root in the minds of the peoples, their rulers will either destroy it, or let it go by default. This grave peril underlies the peace terms which, though Lord Northcliffe is allowed to issue them as if they were his own, are obviously a general statement of Ministerial policy. In form "Lord Northcliffe's" thirteen points are an adaptation of the fourteen points of Mr. Wilson. They are commended with a moderation and even an enlightenment of phrasing that would seem to have passed, by some spiritual change, from the President's pen to Lord Northcliffe's. They also exhibit a faintly luminous tint and shy background of Liberalism. But there is a difference of spirit and of substance between the two documents. Mr. Wilson's idea was that when specific violations of National Right had been atoned for by the culprits, and its more urgent claims on the future redeemed, the nations should unite to lay a common offering on the altar. Peace was to spring from the association in counsel of the old belligerents. The existing diplomatic barriers were gradually to disappear, no new economic frontiers to be erected, and no weapon of the boycott or the exclusive tariff forged to keep alive the spirit of war. Even the mighty arm of sea-power was to be used for the benefit of all. The new and universally inclusive League of Nations was not to be formed before the war or after it. It was to coincide with the peace, to be its mainspring and the guarantee of its continuance. Formed on a democratic plan, the **Wilsonian peace would seem to require a direct intervention of the peoples, acting by referendum or by delegation from their Parliaments.** It was far from vindictive in character, but it implied a clear restitution of ill-gotten goods. Finally, Mr. Wilson did not call for the Kaiser's head. But he gave a grim hint that the democratic Germany which is now almost in being would get better terms than an autocratic one.

Now the sketch of British terms which Lord Northcliffe has been allowed to give to the world as if they were his own has one general point of agreement with the American peace, and many particular ones. It resembles that instrument in being a scheme not for the extinction of Germany, but only for the drastic reduction of her power; and some of its proposals—such as the full restoration of Belgium and Serbia, a *plébiscite* for Schleswig (Qy. Northern Schleswig?), the freeing of French soil, reparation for the evil done to the unoffending French nation, no less than for the earlier wrong committed against Alsace-Lorraine, the scheme of Home Rule for non-Turkish peoples—are obviously just in themselves, and morally or literally consistent with it. But there are many differences. The freedom of the seas is omitted. There is no explicit adoption of "equality in trade conditions." The clauses calling for the

replacement of destroyed shipping, and for the punishment of individuals charged with outrage, are additions to Mr. Wilson's charter, the latter, we think, an enlightened and necessary one. The colonial clause seems at variance with the Wilsonian principle. These variations are not unimportant, though the general character of the proposals is moderate. The graver question turns on the procedure to be followed. "Lord Northcliffe" is neither lucid nor explicit, but we are not clear whether any Conference at all is to meet to discuss or adopt the thirteen points of the settlement, or whether they are simply a set of demands drawn up at Versailles for acceptance in Berlin. If Conference there is to be (for anything except a later creation of a League of Nations) it will be little more than a form, and all matter of detail will be left over to the coming Mixed Commissions. These may and we hope will be important bodies. But over the thirteen points there is to be neither discussion nor negotiation.

Negotiation is a word which may be used strictly or loosely. In the strict sense of the word it is inapplicable to the present situation. An enemy can negotiate if he is capable of prolonging his resistance, or if there is something, his own or another's, which he can give or withhold. Germany is not in that position. If she accepts the armistice (as she may have done by the time these lines are in print) she will be materially unable to renew the war, and she will have evacuated all her "pawns." She has nothing to offer us, and nothing to deny us. The only scope, then, for negotiation lies in such use as she can make of the power of persuasion and argument. If a Peace Conference meets, and if free debate is permitted at it, not over the principles of the settlement (these are already accepted), but over the details of their application, Germany, it is obvious, could appeal only to our sense of justice. She could raise points of fact, of law, of policy, of international morals. If she failed to carry conviction to this necessarily hostile assembly, the debate would be closed and the decision would go irrevocably against her. It is just this process which "Lord Northcliffe" appears to rule out. His thirteen points constitute a "dictated" settlement.

It is well in such a matter as this to be concrete, and to state where, in our view, there is room and need for open and equitable discussion. No one in this country disputes that the material devastation of Belgium and France must, as far as possible, be made good at Germany's charge. We find it difficult, however, to take the "Northcliffe" formula literally, that she must undertake this material restoration "in such form and measure as shall be laid down." Does this mean that the French and Belgian Governments are to present their bills without any check upon details or total? Does it mean that at no stage of the actual Conference can any German Government put in a plea against some excessive item, ask for the services of a neutral referee, or discuss the conditions and dates of payment? Perhaps this is matter for a Mixed Commission. The same difficulty arises over the claim for the replacement of sunk shipping, ton for ton. What Imperial Germany has sowed, she has reaped, and if her mercantile fleet were distributed among the nations whose sailors and ships she has destroyed, the world would feel that rough justice had been done on her. But we must try and think with an international mind. There are many degrees of guilt in this matter. The moral horror of the submarine sinkings lay not in the loss of



property but in the loss of life. Compensation to the relatives of dead seamen and passengers stands as a claim of humanity alone. Again, the sinking of neutral ships was a somewhat grosser offence than the destruction of belligerent merchant ships. The sinking of transports, though cruelly effected, may have been technically "legal," as the sinking of hospital ships was clearly an anti-legal outrage. Even in the case of the merchant ships of the belligerents, did the illegality lie in the loss of property or in the risk to life? Probably in both, for the Germans had no right to sink at sight, as they had no power to convoy their captive into court. But we do not see how these tangled questions can be lumped together and settled without any ruling from an international Court of Law or any reference to a neutral assessor, unless the Mixed Commissions at which "Lord Northcliffe" hints are to contain neutrals as well as representatives of the Allies.

A tribunal in which all power resides in one party of belligerents seems to us inconsistent with the ideal of "legality" to which we rightly appeal as the basis of our demand. The monetary claim on Germany for devastation on land and losses at sea will necessarily be very heavy. It will weigh on the whole country. It will have to be levied in taxes by Ministers like Scheidemann and Erzberger, who themselves protested against the worst of these excesses. How this transaction is managed matters, if only because we wish that the German people should bow to the conception of right and law. If the financial burden is measured out by any process of legal decision and impartial reference, the heavy lesson may be learned. If, on the other hand, it looks to the German people like a thinly disguised indemnity of the old-fashioned kind imposed by the victors, there will be little gain for the idea of law, and the usual resentments will follow. Apart from law, the gravest questions of expediency arise from the problem of indemnities. Ill fed, their industries in suspense, with raw materials lacking, and a vast debt of their own on their shoulders, the Germans are going to begin their democratic experiment in the worst economic condition. Some will be for revolution and repudiation. The ruling democracy may be forced to repress this inevitable discontent. To inflate the bill or to make the conditions of payment needlessly onerous is not to the interest of civilization. That such matters should be settled by the claimants themselves, without either listening to the defendants, or engaging neutral assessors, would be neither equitable nor prudent.

The territorial counts bring us to more considerable issues, and here again it is more the form than the substance that we find questionable. Some points are left vague. Who, for example, is to "readjust" the northern frontiers of Italy? The Italian claim in the Treaty of London is for a strategical frontier, including much of the German part of the Tyrol. Is that to be "dictated"? Is there to be a stage at which a Viennese Republic may plead that the grandsons of the peasants who followed Andreas Hofer have rights? Alsace-Lorraine is to be restored to France. Is there or is there not to be a consultation of the inhabitants? A pure transfer might well coincide with the wishes of the Alsatians. But in form—and form is important—it would be simply a fresh application of force to a problem which has twice already been settled and unsettled by force. Moral sanction would be lack-

ing, and there is no more reason to expect that Germans would acquiesce in this decision than the defeated party did in the former allocations of this territory.

We will not repeat our recent argument in favor of a *plébiscite*, for there is now a new fact. It appears that during the Reichstag crisis of October, the Alsatian Deputies in the Reichstag met and formulated their views of a settlement. They adopted neither the German proposal for equality as a sovereign federal State of the Empire, nor the French proposal for re-annexation. They asked in plain words for a *plébiscite*. Herr Hauss, the Alsatian Deputy, who is now Secretary of State for the new responsible government of the Reichsland, has published the text of the declaration, with the statement that "all" the Alsatian deputies adopted it. How far this publication was authorized we do not know. However, another Alsatian deputy, Herr Ricklin, said in the Reichstag that Alsace placed its destinies in the hands of the Peace Conference. How far there is any contradiction here, we do not know, for we have not seen the speech. In any event the text of the declaration is precise and unequivocal. It is an argument for a *plébiscite*. It does not follow that the desire of the Alsatians is not for incorporation in France. The German deputies must very partially represent the wishes of the people at this stage of their affairs. But they have a right to be heard, if only because a dictated settlement may well prove a barrier to Socialist and Radical acceptance of the whole arrangement as a "peace of justice." There is no consistency in demanding a *plébiscite* for Schleswig (as the "Northcliffe" terms rightly do) and refusing it to Alsace.

From this point in the sketch we pass to a series of clauses which deal together with the re-settlement of a large proportion of the inhabited earth—all the Russias, Turkey, the Balkans and the German Colonies. The general character of the settlement is the same in each case. The enemy is excluded from any share or say in it. In other words we are not to have a re-settlement of Europe by Europe, but a re-arrangement by the "Associated" Powers, America and Japan may express their views upon the Balkans, Austria, living on the edge of that cauldron, must be silent. Portugal, if she chooses, may speak a word about Finland, but unless the Conference is to be a real one, and neutrals are to sit on it, Sweden will have no voice. Some part of this settlement will be permanent. That seems to mean that Russia, for example, will hold her title to independence not from the League of Nations, but from certain Associated Powers. Thus there will survive within the League a sort of concert within the concert, one of those "partial alliances" which Mr. Wilson has condemned. The ground for denying the Central Powers any voice in these immense arrangements is a moral one. By brutality and selfishness at Brest, and by "acquiescence in Turkish misdeeds," "they forfeited the right to aid Russia," or the peoples of Turkey and the Balkans. There is weight in that indictment. But it is fair to remember that the Brest Treaty was Ludendorff's work, with Hertling and Czernin as weak accomplices. All are now gone from the scene. Austria is almost a Republic, or a series of Republics, some of them virtual allies of our own. Has she or have they forfeited the right to a word on the Balkan settlement?

Let us look at the actual facts. The Foreign Minister of the German-Austrian Republic is to-day Dr. Victor Adler. Few men in the Socialist movement have

a cleaner record in this war, and he has also what still fewer possess, a close knowledge of these problems. But morals and persons apart, nothing can alter the fact that Germans and Austrians, living with Russia and the Balkans as neighbors, have an interest in the settlement which we shall only deny them at our future peril. If we or the French or the Americans go wrong here, we shall not suffer directly. The neighbors of this chaos will. We were all agreed in rejecting the arrogant claim of the former rulers of the Central Powers to dictate the Eastern settlement without our participation. Our answer to that was to assert the international ideal. "Lord Northcliffe," on the contrary, retaliates in kind not upon the old, but upon the new, Germany.

Mr. Wilson's conception of peace rids us of all these difficulties. The President did indeed conceive a dictated instrument if the German autocracy remained. But for a democratic Germany, such as is now coming to power, he imagined a concerted world-peace springing directly from the League of Nations, and dependent for its initial force on its international origin and its inherent justice. Save for the Mixed Commissioners, the peace of "Lord Northcliffe" will be a British-German peace, with French and Italian codicils to come, dictated by the one Power to the other. Its basis is not a covenant at all. It is an offer to take or to leave as it stands. It is strategic and territorial. Germany simply loses power to this rival or that. She loses on her western border to France, on her eastern border to Poland. She loses the bulk of her mercantile fleet to England, in punishment for her illegalities at sea, and her colonies to this Power or to that, or to some unstated trusteeship, without Mr. George's promised reference to the Conference. Her Russian treaties are (rightly) broken, while the Associated Powers assume the guardianship, political and economic, which the over-reaching greed of her soldiers has lost. Thus Europe is re-mapped, and its State-territory and power redistributed by one group. The other must look on, and accept her diminished share of the one and her almost total loss of the other, apparently without the right of modification in detail.

We are the declared foes of Prussian pride; in its blind contempt for moral right it was fated to sustain a heavy fall. But the question for all the nations is—What measure of moral force, and therefore of inherent stability, can we attach to the Treaty of Peace? The state of Europe is critical. The Entente may have to act for the whole Continent in the spirit not of haggling for private profit, but of arbitrators. Germany, if Germany continues to exist, will doubtless accept the instrument which is being forged at Versailles under duress, the war will come to a formal end, and a peace will supervene. But how far is this removed from the "security" on which from the first our Liberal leaders fastened as the cardinal test of a good peace! This instrument does not end the German power, soon, maybe, to receive an increment of ten million Austro-Germans. Its effect may be to impoverish the German population, temporarily destroy its sea trade, and stop or check its economic penetration of Russia and Eastern Europe. The leaders of the new Bohemia, the new Poland, the new Jugo-Slavia, have bound themselves in advance to construct land barriers to the East; our virtual confiscation of Germany's mercantile marine must temporarily close to her and to Austria all the great sea routes to the Old and the New World. All is

*chose jugée.* The Entente will have stated its case, formed the tribunal which is to judge it, and dictated the verdict.

There are, let us freely admit, many points in the peace treaty which are not negotiable. Germany so willed it when she proclaimed an unnecessary war, and waged an atrocious one. But on all of them we could have relied on the justice of the world to decide against her. The essence of the Wilsonian peace was that it reposed as a whole on that ineluctable and universal sense of right. Our tribunal, if it is to be final, will be a lesser one; necessarily prejudiced, and proceeding without hearing the criminal in his defence. It has the advantage of being able to impose its will, and secure an instant verdict. Where it will be deficient is in the moral weight of its findings, and the inferior security of the real object of this gigantic litigation, which is the permanent peace of a distracted world.

That confession lies on the face of the sketch plan of peace which we have criticised. Admittedly it does not spring from the League of Nations. The League indeed does come in. But it is as an ornamental feature, introduced after the structure is complete, not as its hinge and pivot. When the new Europe has been constituted, a late and a fugitive stranger will arrive at the familiar assemblage of physical force. The League of Nations, says Lord Northcliffe or the hand that held Lord Northcliffe's pen, will, "in the last stage" establish a new policy "and reconstruct the organization of the world." Of what world? The States with which we went to war were autocratic States; they are in full process of conversion into democratic or revolutionary ones. Are they to be reconstructed, without any by-your-leave from the League of Nations, by the old cement of blood, the old masonry of iron? If so, we shall set aside Mr. Wilson's claim that the spirit and the first incarnation of internationalism shall be in the Treaty of Peace. That Treaty will itself be an imposition of the victors' will. Its principles will be "indisputable." How long will they last? Such an instrument will not be concluded with the Governments that made the war (which have all disappeared); it will be offered for formal signature by the Democratic Conventions or Bolshevik Soviets that have succeeded them. Is the world to have its Pisgah-glimpse, and turn Egyptwards again? We think not.

One other reflection. There is a school of thought, devoted to the economic interpretation of history, which holds that all modern war is waged, under an idealistic *camouflage*, for concrete economic ends. It was right about the German Junkers and industrialists. The "Associated Powers" are now about to come under its microscope. Among us certainly are some men, notably Mr. Wilson, who are free from any suspicion, and many others who at least are unconscious of such motives. The realists are, none the less, numerous and vocal. Trade papers frankly remind us that Russia, with her vast stores of unworked war material, is a great "prize," that Mesopotamia can be made to grow three crops a year, and that Africa is the world's treasure house. However much we may prefer to talk of humanity and democracy and philanthropy in dealing with Russians, Arabs, and negroes, we must certainly deal also with railways and mines, oil wells, exploitable sources of raw materials, concessions and debts. A prudent man, called in as



trustee in private life to settle some similar tangle, would take his precautions. He would not begin by excluding all the rival interests, and he would look about for disinterested associates. It is folly to pretend that we or the French or the Italians can be, or even ought to be, purely disinterested. A business interest in railways and raw materials is nothing to be ashamed of. But we treat such matters in our public debates as the last generation used to treat sex. We are economic prudes. We pretend to be above all this kind of thing, and so escape any frank handling of the facts. If the projected Treaty stands as a sectional instrument, without any true international appeal or organ of justice between the States, the Socialist all over Europe will simply find his familiar thesis confirmed. "These Powers," he will say, "won the war, settled the balance of power in their own favor, and then proceeded, after excluding their rivals, to deal with the spoils in the usual way, but on a scale hitherto unknown in history. They were much cleverer than their rivals. They wore a glove over the mailed fist. When they took over a big rich region, they did not annex, they 'protected.' When they took a German colony, they called themselves its 'trustees.' None the less, the net economic result was that all the concessions and other valuable considerations fell to them and theirs." We do not say this. But we are well aware that an able, logical, well-equipped school of thought, whose thesis is a conquering force in Eastern Europe, and may make a formidable bid for power in the West, is waiting to say it. There is still a fair chance to defeat this criticism by doing as little as possible to deserve it.

### THE PERILS OF NEW EUROPE.

POLITICAL events of scope and magnitude such as this generation had hardly dreamed are now following hard upon each other with the speed of a cinematograph film. A vast process of dissolution like the present bewilders and fatigues the brain. Yet the dangers of bewilderment are tremendous. The public mind has been accustomed by propaganda to a reborn Europe; the few who endeavored to warn it of the perils and anxieties of the labor have been derided, and worse than derided. But now the process is upon us, and it is no mere assertion of slumbering political forces. More elemental powers are at work than those which make man a political animal. Those which make him an instinctive and ravenous animal are active now. Famine and disease and the despair of physical exhaustion are not to be conjured away by the terms of an armistice. No purely political account of the changes we now watch in catastrophic procession can be complete unless the mind is aware of a background of economic necessity intensified by growing economic chaos. Politically, we hold Europe in the hollow of our hand; economically, if we are not quick with the peace and with all the succour that we can give, we are faced with a beast at bay.

We do not know, therefore, how far, in attempting to give an account of the situation as it has developed in Central Europe in the last few days, we are merely, as it were, transcribing the configuration of a surface beneath which are concealed volcanic forces. If we remember, for instance, that both the Czechs and the Magyars have completely cut off the food supply of German Austria, and that the German Empire is in no position to supply an extra ten million people with even the barest necessities of life, we shall have some idea of the narrowness of the line which at present divides the victorious assertion of nationality from internecine war in what was the Dual Monarchy. Meanwhile, we are kept busy with the attempt to discriminate between the true and the false in the news which reaches us. As the

cynic might have anticipated, the general lines of the movement in Austria-Hungary are that the nationalities, having proclaimed their independence in virtue of their inherent right to self-determination, immediately announce that they have not the faintest intention of respecting the right of others to determine themselves. Though we are full of admiration for the remarkable Czech nation, we deeply regret that in its hour of triumph it should put forward utterly indefensible claims. "Venkov," the organ of the Czech agrarians, asserts that the new Bohemian State must include Lower Austria and Vienna, and more—Prussian Silesia. "Narodni Listy" cannot tolerate the thought that German Bohemia should elect, as undoubtedly it will elect unless prevented by *force majeure*, to join with the Germans of the Empire. If the Germans of Bohemia wish to leave the Bohemian State, they have, says "Narodni Listy," a simple way. They must sell up their homes and emigrate. Thus the Prussian Polish policy repeats itself. But it may be said that this is merely newspaper talk. We hope, indeed, that it is. But we are not relieved when we hear that victorious Czech regiments have begun to occupy German-Bohemian towns.

Not otherwise are the Poles now claiming every province where any Polish population, no matter how small a fraction of the whole, exists or has existed. They too are proclaiming that the hour, not of justice, but of revenge has struck for them, and the nature of their claims can be gathered from the fact that even Ledebour, international *sans patrie* if ever there was one, uttered a passionate protest in the Reichstag against demands which were "a blow in the face for President Wilson's principles." Here again these manifestations of a *machtpolitik* which is, after all, based on the might of others, may be epiphenomenal. But there is something more calculated about the attempt in a message from Warsaw to represent that the occupation by the Ruthenians (or Ukrainians as they now call themselves) of their own cities, Lemberg and Premysl, is an attack upon the sacred rights of inviolable Poland. The Polish claim to Eastern Galicia must be swept away unless the new order is to be many times worse than the old. And if the Poles should lead their armies to attack a people which merely takes over what is its own by elementary right, they should be made to pay the penalty. If so much blood has been shed in order to break up the obsolete historical framework of an Empire, something more than reprobation is due to those who seek to resuscitate similar obsolete historical states, and to enclose alien populations within them. We should let it be known that we are not in the faintest degree interested in the kingdoms of Wenceslas and the Jagellons, any more than we are now interested in the empire of the Hapsburgs. We support the Czech and the Polish peoples; Czech and Polish antiquarian chauvinists are as undesirable as any other chauvinists, and as the history of the Magyars has shown, decidedly more dangerous.

We are asked to believe that the incredible has happened in Hungary. The oligarchy is said to have disappeared in a night, and with it the claim to a preposterous territorial integrity. The appointment of Oscar Jaszi as Minister of the Nationalities, and his announcement that the Hungarians will gladly promote the just claims of the Czech and South Slav States, does indeed seem to indicate that with an admirable sense of political realities the Magyars are preparing themselves to become in fact what they falsely claimed to be, a purely national State, though one would be curious to hear what the new *régime* proposes to do with the two million Germans whom, while the Magyar-German alliance was the height of political wisdom, they treated on an equality. But, in spite of Oscar Jaszi's professions, the aims of Hungary are not at all clear. The wireless message addressed, in accordance with Bolshevik precedent, "to the peoples of the world" declares the "equality and fraternity of all peoples living in Hungary," which hardly covers the case of those who have proclaimed their determination to live outside it, and recommends to the justice of the world "the existence

and territorial integrity of Hungary." The question is what the new democratic government means by "territorial integrity." The phrase had a very definite meaning as late as a fortnight ago, when it still meant the historic lands of the Crown of St. Stephen. If, however, a republic is actually to be established the Crown of St. Stephen and all that it denotes to the Magyar chauvinist is *ipso facto* abolished. But we should like to be sure.

In any case, it is hard to believe that the new Hungarian National Council can really believe that the nationalities will not make their claim to separation valid. A South Slav State is in being, and is perhaps already the strongest of all the new state entities. It has in the machinery of Government of autonomous Croatia-Slavonia a most valuable inheritance, and it also has, unless the terms of the armistice interfere with it, the nucleus of an army in the Croat regiments, so that it will not have much difficulty in making good its claim to separate existence. But even a people with no such material advantages, the Serbs of the Banat, have declared their complete independence of the Magyar State. Trouble is as likely to arise from the action of the Italians in occupying Zara in Dalmatia as from any attempt of the Magyars to repress the movement of the South Slavs.

Finally the German-Austrians seem, for the moment, to have given up all idea of continued loyalty to the Hapsburgs. The pronouncements of their State Council contain no mention of the ruler to whom, as they were wont to assert, they alone were loyal. They declare that they have been prevented from continuing the battle against their will, and they announce that they will conduct peace negotiations in close accord with the German Empire, with which they hope for a close and permanent community. It is not quite clear what we are to make of the announcement concerning the conduct of peace negotiations. In particular, it is not easy to know whether the German Austrians have made up their minds that they will have nothing to do with any federation of states which might conceivably take the place of the present constellation in Austria-Hungary and the Balkans. At all events, it is important to note that it is with the German Empire, and not with any particular state of the Empire, that they claim close community. In so far as any definite conclusion can be drawn from pronouncements which must be in the nature of the things hurried and provisional, the German Austrians contemplate inclusion in the German Empire as a separate federal state.

How far this decision is likely to be affected by the strong separatist movement in Bavaria it is impossible at this juncture to determine. If the utterance of separatist sentiments were a reliable indication of policy, Bavaria would be on the point of taking a strong independent line; for the Liberal and Socialist Press of Bavaria is agreed that talk of separatism is universal throughout the country. A fortnight ago they called for a categorical declaration of loyalty to the Empire from the Bavarian Government, and the Liberals in the Diet introduced a motion to that effect. Since no declaration has followed we may presume that the Bavarian Government is waiting upon events. Perhaps it is attracted by the thought that the Wittelsbachs may possibly succeed the Hohenzollerns on the Imperial throne. In the meantime a new obstacle to the union of Bavaria and German Austria has emerged. The Austrian Socialists have pushed into the foreground their demand that the new German-Austrian State should be constituted as a republic. Whether they will insist upon this remains to be seen, but the fact that they have been compelled to yield so far to their very radical Left makes it improbable that a South German State in which the Catholic-Conservative influence of the peasantry predominates will be formed without bloodshed. And, indeed, quite apart from the question of union with Bavaria there is plenty of material for violent conflict heaped up in German Austria. Nowhere in Central Europe has speculation been more frenzied, profiteering more openly scandalous, and utter starvation more continuously imminent than in Lower Austria. The pro-

letariat has many scores to settle, and it is blessed with leaders (not those who appear in the State Council) whose ability is equalled by their daring. None of the prisoners in Russia have shown more capacity to assimilate Bolshevik ideas than the German Austrians, and now that the official "moral quarantine" established for them has been forcibly abolished, and the obstacles to the direct communication of plans and ideas between them and the Bolsheviks removed, the danger of a violent outbreak is very near. It will be inevitable unless the Allies hasten to bring pressure to bear on the Czechs to remove their food-blockade.

But the aim of the Czechs, as expounded by Dr. Benes at Versailles, is to make use of the food blockade in order to prevent the Germans of Austria declaring their adherence to the German Empire. Bohemia will supply them with food on condition that they do not join Germany; otherwise, she will starve them. No doubt the only means of removing the immediate danger of starvation is that the Czechs should supply the German-Austrians. The plan of the Czechs, however, goes farther than this. We are to supply the Czechs, and they are to supply the Germans. It is obvious that no Government in its senses can consent to such a plan, the transparent object of which is to make the Czechs the dictators over a far larger German population than their own, and one which detests them bitterly. Our duty is to hold the balances even between the nationalities, and in Wilson's words to be just to those to whom we do not wish to be just. If there is to be feeding of German-Austria, as there must be, let the Americans, who have unparalleled experience of such administration, control it; if there is to be occupation of Lower Austria and German-Bohemia, let the Americans occupy it. And let it be clearly understood that if no better scheme can be found, the German population of Austria and Bohemia can at the Peace Conference freely claim the right to enter the German state with their lands, no matter whether these once belonged to King Wenceslas or King Cole. We have to give Austria food to avert Bolshevism, and justice to avert internecine war. We have most urgently to avoid prejudicing the just claims of nationalities other than those who have been fighting for us. Unless we do these things, and do them quickly, we shall bring disaster upon Europe.

#### THE TASK OF A PEACE GOVERNMENT.

As the war visibly nears its end, the vast problem of industrial reconstruction presents itself with a new and absorbing interest of realism. The business conduct of the war by our Government has been so rife with waste, incompetence, and improvidence that the public may well be wondering what provisions have been made to meet the grave consequences into which our industries and social life will be flung when peace is definitely secured. Many committees of civil servants and business men have been engaged in discussing various aspects of demobilisation and reconstruction, in gathering what data are available for ascertaining the probable supplies of plant, materials, and labor in the productive industries, and the movements of prices and markets upon which the recovery of normal trades so obviously depend. But a mere spawning of Governmental Committees, often with overlapping functions, is not likely to work with much success, unless some vigorous central thought and action are operative. Our War Cabinet has had neither the time nor, it appears, the will, to do much thinking of this order. And we greatly doubt whether the Prime Minister or any of his fellows has any competent grasp of the dimensions and essential difficulties of the problem.

Everybody is familiar with the question "What will happen when the war expenditure on which at least half our civil population are living to-day, stops, and when our five million of able-bodied workers, temporarily transformed into soldiers, begin to pour back into civil society, seeking again the work by which they had been accustomed to earn a living for themselves and their families?"



Some politicians, labour men to boot, are talking complacently about the enormous volume of demand that has been held up during these years of war, the innumerable contracts for our manufactures which will pour in from all parts of the world to take the place of the war work and to supply the funds which cease to flow from the State Treasury. No doubt there has been a large letting down of all stocks save war material in nearly all parts of the world, not only in the belligerent but in the neutral countries. Plant and machinery, railways and other mechanical equipment, have everywhere been falling into disrepair. And besides this, there is the immense demand for capital and labor to get to work at once to repair the material ravages of war itself in Belgium, France, Serbia, and the other ruined or damaged areas. Plenty of work for the new world to do! Our share of it ought to be enough to employ, without delay, all the productive resources that are at our disposal.

But such generalizations go a very little way towards meeting the actual economic situation. In order that these potential demands may be effective, several conditions must be fulfilled. Raw materials, food, transport and credit are all essential to the accomplishment of our task. The provision of each of them requires the utmost skill in handling not only national but international relations. For there will be both a world and a national shortage of each of these necessities. Even assuming that the reduced food supplies of the world can be so economized by an extension of the rationing arrangements of the Allies, as to get a distribution adequate to maintain the labor-power of the different nations on a peace footing, will the raw materials be procurable in the quantities and at the pace needed to maintain the various industries in full employment? Cotton, wool, timber, hides and leather, oil, with certain minor but important metals, are notoriously short in supply. The lack of any one of them is likely to hold up important industries, with damaging reactions upon the spending power of large bodies of workers. In spite of the immense recent advances in shipbuilding, sea transport must be deficient and disorganized for years to come, and the greatest skill and most harmonious co-operation between shipowning nations will not enable them at once to cope with the work of demobilization and the conflicting requirements of ordinary sea traffic.

Behind all this lie the incalculable changes of trade-routes, markets and prices, bringing, right to the front of the situation the problem of national and international credit. Without an adequate supply and direction of credit or purchasing power, the demands of consumers remain ineffective for setting the great productive apparatus to work. If, as we hope, an effective League of Nations, to which the Governments of all the Powers, great and small, are parties emerges from the settlement, its principal immediate work will, in all likelihood, be economic more than political. For quite evidently it will provide the only instrument by which the nations may work together to secure their means of livelihood and rebuild their shattered industries. The shortage of foods, transport, and materials, must be apportioned by mutual agreement among the members of the League upon a basis of needs; and an international credit system, in the erection of which the strong financial Powers, Britain and the United States, must take the foremost part, will be essential to all the other economic arrangements.

We wonder whether amid all their other schemes for reconstruction, the vital necessity of a strong international finance has been provided. It is required not only for guaranteeing the supplies of food and materials for the countries whose credit and purchasing powers are crippled by the war, but for another only less urgent task. The current of indebtedness between the different countries of the world will be found to have shifted so greatly under the exigencies of war-borrowing that, unless some provision is made for an international underwriting, both of this indebtedness and of the further loans needed

the work of restoration on the Continent, financial ruin will confront the impoverished debtor nations. This financial problem will not be so urgent here as in some other countries. But we cannot refuse to face it, or hope to make a purely national solution of the problem. For the waste and impoverishment due to war must bind all the countries together more closely than before, and the chief instrument of this interdependence will be finance, the most fluid and pervasive of the economic forces.

Regarded as a purely economic problem reconstruction presents great, though not overwhelming, difficulties. We still possess in our country most, if not all, of the material means of reinstating industry on a peace footing, and producing enough wealth to supply our vital needs. We shall possess an immense surplus of certain sorts of material and plant, adaptable from war to peace uses. Our engineering and machine-making factories, used to turn out munitions, can admittedly be utilized for ordinary industrial work without prohibitive waste. The temporary life of war will leave many serviceable relics in the shape of buildings, railway plant, wagons, and various stores adaptable to civil needs. The vital need, we once more repeat, is brain-power in our Government. For upon them, far more than upon our outside business men, will devolve the first strain of reconstruction, the processes of co-ordination and adjustment in restoring the innumerable inter-related functions of our industrial society. Some great errors have been committed in the economic management of the war. In the early management of the peace a single really gross blunder, which results in a mass of unemployment in any great industrial centre or any fundamental trade, will vibrate through the whole social-economic system, bringing disorders and disasters unparalleled in our history. Let electors bear this in mind when they choose their Government.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

PEACE has virtually come. It has come late; pray Heaven, not too late. It finds Europe in the grips of a mightier (though not a worse) spirit than that of War. None would listen—our own statesmen and "directors" of opinion no more than those of Germany—when in these columns and elsewhere an effort was made to bring the armed strife to an end in 1916 and 1917. It is ending now in a Peace which is not so much a Peace by Victory as a Peace by Disintegration, Demoralization, and Destruction. Violence has been preached as if it were the only gospel for mankind; now that it has reigned till it has chased every gentler thought from hundreds of thousands of men's breasts, the world has to face the minor consequence that it also threatens Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, and Powers. The sooner we frame the mechanical instrument of a return to order the better. The less provocative we make it the better, too. And it will be best of all if every energy is bent on restoring not only the national but the international fabric.

BUT bad peace or good peace, it is more than time for the slaughter to cease. Incredible will be the tale of the labors and sufferings of the Armies, more especially of the Americans, when their Governments allow it to be told. But there is no enthusiasm. Imagination is so sated with horrors, that it does not kindle to triumph, and the sight of London during the past fortnight, without a bell ringing or a flag flying, though the greatest of all wars is rushing to its end is, I suppose, a sign that the war-consciousness is exhausted and (let us hope) will never waken again. But Germany at least now knows that her doom is accomplished. Look where she will, she sees her armies in full retreat, her allies fallen from her, her frontiers exposed, and her treasured towns and proud capital open to bombardments by land and air. Bitter is

the cup; who shall deny that the grape was grown and the vintage pressed on German soil? "Hubris" seems to be the sin that the gods never forgive; and it has been the close attendant on German prosperity. Would that this tragedy of a people and a civilisation had found magnanimity in its avengers! The peace spells, at least, temporary ruin for Germany. If its terms are not abated, the disaster may extend from this generation to the next and the impoverishment of the most industrious of the European peoples pass, like blight in an orchard, from one industrial group to another, till it involves them all.

GREAT is the power of camouflage. It is, I suppose, useful to get Lord Northcliffe's signature to the document which sets forth, not without skill, the unofficial sketch of the peace which, in some final form and with the assent of the Allies, we shall require Germany to accept. Mr. Pringle put the point with his usual sharpness when he suggested that, as the article was to be circulated in Germany, it must be meant for official propaganda. That is clearly the case. The hand which holds the pen is Lord Northcliffe's; the hand which guides it is the Government's. The letter, nominally divided into three points, is really divisible into two. The "thirteen points" are the text; their exegesis is elaborately indicated in the following section. And the interpretation is much simpler than that of Pharaoh's dream. The peace is a dictated one, and Germany rejects it at her peril. It leaves the Conference with little or nothing to do, for though the German representatives may, I suppose, frame a remonstrance, and appeal to this or that Power to consider it, their only real liberty will be to add their signatures or to refuse them. Essentially, the boundaries of the European States and their general relationships with their neighbors, will be settled over their heads. The general configuration of Austria, Russia, Turkey (*i.e.*, of the whole of Eastern-Central Europe) will be determined on this principle, though Russia is to have a final right of "self-determination."

THIS act of power, which transfers the hegemony of Europe from one European group to another, will then be subject to a certain modification in detail. The old diplomacy will thus far have full sway, and it will deal with Germany on the approved example of the Congress of Vienna. Then the new diplomacy, or a bit of it, will come into play. The Mixed Commissions of which "Lord Northcliffe" speaks will not, I imagine, be confined to the re-mapping of Poland and Russia. There must be a Colonial Commission, a Balkan Commission, a War Damage Commission. It is even suggested that Labor will be called in. The International will thus take the second cut at the joint, Capital having taken the first. The question to ask is: How much free, negotiable territory will there be left? Germany, I gather, is not to be excluded from the Commissions. Nor is her almost total loss of political power to be necessarily followed by economic boycotts. She will be rationed and fed fairly, and it is not stated that her trade will be penalized. And she is to have the satisfaction of punishing her own criminals.

SHE will probably submit; but it seems doubtful whether she can pay, and in that case the new European Constitution, like so many lesser affairs, if it is not swallowed up in the Revolution, will be wrecked on its Budget. The stated terms include a separate indemnification of Belgium, France, and Poland, coupled with a general bill for war-damages by land, sea, and air. At the same time her earning power is cut down by the 10% or her share in European, African, Asiatic, American, and Far Eastern trade; which for some years after the war will be carried in British, or American, or Japanese, or Greek, or Scandinavian bottoms. That follows from the surrender of her mercantile fleet, or the greater part of it, and of her colonies. The German Government must be strong enough to maintain its payments, the industrial power of the country great that can sustain such a shock.

PRACTICALLY therefore the government of the world passes under this treaty to America and England, with France as a brilliant third, and Japan as — what? Nothing else of anything like equal power and resources survives, for Italy will find a powerful rival in Jugo-Slavia, and Russia is out of the reckoning for a generation or more. Two rocks are ahead. The first is anarchy in Central Europe. The second is International Socialism. For the last of the great Power Treaties is not the work either of Parliaments or of peoples. It is a confection of the bureaucracy. Mr. George deliberately dissociated Parliament from the war. At the eleventh hour the industrial leaders have asked to be associated with the peace. Something depends on the answer they get. But the gate is almost shut; at the best it would seem as if they were to come in through a side door when the play is all but played out.

FOR the moment the General Election is off. January, not December, is now the proximate date. A war on two fronts will thus, it is hoped, be avoided, and the Prime Minister will have full leisure to concentrate on the campaign against Liberalism which his energetic staff has begun. I suppose the signal to engage was run up when Home Rule was abandoned and the good old flag of Coercion hoisted in its stead. The cynic assumed that the Prime Minister and the Tories had both got their souls' price and that the "approach" to Liberalism was over. I should have thought it had never been begun, save in the form of a demand for unconditional surrender. Thus Sir Charles Sykes, the Wool Controller and director of the new Georgian "Chronicle," plants himself in Huddersfield, and dares local Liberalism to uproot him. A Liberal candidate for a Yorkshire division is told to disown the Liberal Whip or go. The more general marching orders are, it is said to be given out in a joint manifesto from a triumvirate of Ministers—one Liberal, one Tory, and one "Labor-Man"—calling on the electors to support a Coalition Government as the proper organ of reconstruction. As for policy, is it not enough that Mr. George is Mr. George, and that he (not mere military items like Haig and Allenby) won the war? There was a *coup d'état* in December, 1916; well, in December, 1918, there will be a *plébiscite* to make it tight and right. Against all this gimcrack Caesarism, Liberalism and Labor ought, of course, to join their forces, treat the election for what it is—the unprincipled adventure of a dangerous man—appeal for a free Parliament and a free Press, declare (if they can) a common ground of principle for reconstruction, and if not, make their separate appeals to men's and women's minds and consciences, but abstain from cutting each other's throats. But will they?

MEANWHILE, if the Election is to be a *plébiscite*, a "Vote for Lloyd George," it is singular that this attractive man, with his engaging personality, his energy, and his fame as a successful War Minister, is not popular. It is true that our ex-Bolshevist has become a kind of club idol, the hero of the sofa strategists, the admirals of the arm-chair. So was Mr. Chamberlain, and so are all the race of the democratic *ci-devants*. But the people are either cold or resentful, and the army, I should say, distinctly hostile. When Mr. George's portrait is thrown on a screen at the cinema, it is hailed with slight applause, Mr. Wilson's with acclamation. At the Albert Hall on Sunday the great audience, composed almost entirely of workmen and workwomen, did not seem to contain a friend. No politician will be thought to have won the war, any more than our forbears would have endorsed a claim of Lord Liverpool to have won the Battle of Waterloo. Therefore if Mr. Lloyd George wins the election, the vote for him will not be a demonstration either of affection or of confidence. It will be a vote partly of apathy, partly of apprehension, and partly of the power of mechanical imposition exercised by the Gramophone Press.

A WAYFARER.



## Life and Letters.

### "TO THE CITY."

AGAIN the cry, "To the City!" has been heard, and again, as in olden times, the City has been Constantinople. That cry, from which the very name of Stamboul is said to have originated—how often through sixteen centuries has it re-echoed! And with what strange issues for mankind! Those spectral hosts of Goths and Attila's Huns, who swept through the world and vanished, those Bulgars and Saracens and Crusaders and Turks—all of them rallied to that cry, and some reached that destination. With that cry, generations of Russian Tsars, maintaining an impalpable and religious claim as mystical successors to the Byzantine Emperors, could confidently appeal to the ecclesiastic devotion and imperialistic avarice of their subjects. And with that cry the modern Greeks, inspired by the heart-stirring pathos of a country unredeemed, could muster their frail battalions against an enemy many ages in possession, and counting ten to one. For, indeed, ever since Constantine, with an insight like genius, selected the fortress of Byzantium as a permanent bastion to the Empire, and the site of a fresher Rome, Constantinople has been a jewel to the world. As Napoleon said, "After all, the question for Europe always remains: Who shall possess the City?"

And now that the great change, so often expected, and so often deferred by the mutual jealousies of obsolete Powers, has come at last, how greatly we must envy those who beat up once more against the current of the Dardanelles, and again salute the City! If memories and history still count for anything since the broom of war has swept the world, think what memories are involved in that one name, "The Dardanelles!" The Tale of Troy will always dominate those memories, for it was along the narrow strip of beach upon the right of the entrance that Agamemnon anchored his ships during the siege of that little hill only a few miles inland. But we need not dwell upon the Tale of Troy, nor upon the bridge of boats which the sappers of Xerxes threw across the rushing current, nor upon the naval battle which lost Athens her fleet and her supremacy, nor upon the passage of Alexander for the conquest of Asia, or the dimly recorded passage of Goths and Turks. For us that famous Strait has more poignant associations, and its shores are haunted by memories of men whom we knew. Only three years have passed since that long peninsula which banks the Strait upon the left or western side was the scene of one among the sternest and most heroic episodes of our history. That shallow curve of sand between rocky headlands at the very extremity of Cape Helles was the "W Beach," known for good reason as "Lancashire Landing." And just within the mouth of the Strait, close beside the ancient castle of Seddel Bahr or "Barrier of the Sea," there lies the little amphitheatre of sand and rock into which the "River Clyde" vomited other battalions of that immortal Twenty-ninth Division, to face the tempest of bullets and shell which, out of silence, suddenly poured upon them from all the arc of neighboring heights. And on the further side of that peninsula, looking over the Ægean to Imbros and Samothrace, there is a cove, enclosed by rugged and precipitous cliffs and ravines, which will be for ever Anzac.

What bay or hill or cliff or watercourse upon the southern end of that peninsula is not familiar to our ears? What does not proclaim the record of our presence, or call up the memory of almost incredible deeds? From Jephson's Post, round Suvla Point into Suvla Bay and the entrance to the Salt Lake, past Nibrunesi Point, along Ocean Beach to Ari Burnu, along Hell Spit and Brighton Beach to Gaba Tepe, and, further down from Fusilier Bluff, past Y Beach and the entrance of the Gully Ravine to X Beach, Cape Tekke, and Cape Helles itself, the outer coastline is marked with names given by our men or by their own exploits. And in the interior, but visible from the sea, rise the famous heights of Kiretch Tepe, Kavak Tepe, Chocolate Hill, Scimitar

Hill, W Hill, Koja Chemen Tepe, Chunuk Bair, The Sphinx, Plugge's Plateau, MacLagan's Ridge, and, dominating the southern end, the squat but impregnable pyramid of Achi Baba. The once familiar names are ageing now. They have passed into history. Shepherds graze their flocks over our fields of battle, and use our trenches or dug-outs for pens and shelters. That gallant episode appeared to end in failure. But time has justified its conception, and proved its sacrifices not in vain. As Mr. Winston Churchill, to whom the honor of conceiving the fine stroke of strategy belongs, well said in the House of Commons, "If ever there were any operations in the history of the world which, having been begun, it was worth while to carry through with the utmost vigor and fury, it was those." Alas! it was not with vigor and fury that Sir Ian Hamilton's efforts were supported from home. The only vigor and fury shown lay in discouraging criticism and secret detraction. Nor do insufficient supplies and sham reinforcements contribute to support. Had it been otherwise, who can doubt that the peace now at last within reach would have been won for us two years ago, and all the dead whom the world has lost in war since then might now be living?

Such memories must fill the minds of our sailors now as they push up against the current of the Narrows, in safety at last, without fear of shore batteries, shore torpedoes, or those terrible rows of mines laid in the Strait like the reticulations of a net, to and fro through which our submarines once felt their hazardous way. The ships issue into the Sea of Marmora, and, crossing it, will round Seraglio Point, and pass into the very heart of the glorious City. Strange dreams of that City are painted upon the walls of great Mohammedan houses, as upon the palace walls of the Tartar millionaire in Baku; and strange dreams upon the cups and coffee-trays of common Turks. But no dream can be stranger or more lovely than the sight of that City itself. For it lies compact upon both sides of a long and peaceful inlet of the sea. It is distinguished by white and lofty minarets, more beautiful than any Christian spire; and by domes for which Justinian's church, dedicated to "Sophia," the Wisdom of God, provided a model which no man who has seen that miracle of space captured and beautified for man's highest ends will ever forget. Its streets and houses rise upon successive hills, and even an English manufacturing town that is built upon a hill may have its beauty. Add the gardens, the cypress groves, the varying color, the splendor of air and sky and sea, and one may conceive a city beautiful beyond the imagination of the world, and yet a reality of existence.

For the associations of history, they crowd too thickly upon the mind. To leave the old Byzantium out of count, what a story is hidden in that city from the time when first Diocletian planned the scheme of a second Rome, just before he retired into seclusion to construct the great palace at Spalato, waving farewell to a world which he fondly imagined could not much longer escape the peaceful and unpatriotic effeminacy of the Christian doctrine. So it was, as we said, his young contemporary, Constantine, who, inspired by more youthful hope, embodied the idea, and chose the site out of all the world. But of the City's destinies let us for the moment recall but one, and that the saddest. It befell on a Black Tuesday of May, 1453, in sad memory of which no Orthodox Greek will to this day willingly undertake any new enterprise upon a Tuesday. To recall the circumstances of that tragic event, by which the whole history of Europe was diverted, and from which, in spite of the intervening centuries, the present war may be traced, we may quote a few sentences from the City's great historian. Of the night before the final assault, Gibbon writes:—

"The Emperor (Constantine Palæologus) and some faithful companions entered the dome of St. Sophia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a mosque, and devoutly received, with tears and prayers, the sacrament of the Holy Communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations, solicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured, and mounted on horseback to visit the guards and explore the motions of the enemy. The

distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars."

And of the abhorred day itself, he writes:—

"In that fatal moment the Janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The Sultan himself (Mahomet II.) on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valor. . . . The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and attaballs. . . . From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke, which could only be dispelled by the final destruction or deliverance of the Roman Empire. . . . The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps a hundred, times superior to that of the Christians; the double walls were reduced by the cannon to a heap of ruins; in a circuit of several miles some places must be found more easy of access or more feebly guarded, and if the besiegers could penetrate in a single point the whole city was irrevocably lost.

"It was thus that, after a siege of fifty-three days, Constantinople, which had defied the power of Chofroes, the Chagan, and the Caliphs, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahomet the Second. Her Empire only had been subverted by the Latins; her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors."

Whether the relics of that religion will now rise again from the dust; whether that fatal breach, still visible in the walls, where the last Christian Emperor fell, will now become a shrine of reviving worship, those are questions which will immediately occupy ecclesiastic minds. To the statesman who seeks the advantages of mankind rather than of his country or a sect, the future of the City presents difficulties more complicated, and perhaps more serious. It may be doubted whether even the Red Sultan himself would in a whole century have caused so much bloodshed as Christian kings and emperors have caused in the last four years. But since that fatal Tuesday, the Turk has lain like a blight upon the Near and Middle East; and, by the consent of all, the Turk has shown himself incapable of ruling, although he ruled. The mystic claims of Russia, which held this country in terror for nearly a century, and then were silently conceded, have been happily swept away with the Tsars and all their trumpery. What, then, is to become of the exquisite City now? Shall it be transformed into a modern Greek capital, leaving Athens deserted? Or shall a Commission, or perhaps America, take it in charge, as a pledge for the service of all peoples? Or shall the League of Nations occupy it as a noble though far-distant home? Napoleon's question still awaits solution, and it is still one of the problems of the world. But for the moment our minds are full only of envy for those who now behold that magic City in her beauty once again, so beautiful, so enchanted, no matter who may be her owner.

#### THE HORSE IN WAR-TIME.

LIKE other neutrals in this war the horse has known nothing of it but its burdens. Every traveller invents for himself his own rough personal tests of the civilization of the lands through which he passes. It was always for us a relief to move from that calvary of horses, the Balkans, into the kindness and comfort of German Austria. We have often recalled during this war the portable mangers fixed on light collapsible trestles which the jolly cabmen of Vienna used to carry. The hanging baskets of gay flowers suspended from the electric standards in the streets, the sound of music everywhere, but, above all, that proof of an intelligent, kindly care for the horses—these things have often colored our own feelings about our Austrian enemies when the Bitter-Enders called for their destruction. Eastern subject peoples have their claims, but they are rarely good to beasts. Was it John Wesley who said that a dog ought to be the better for its master's religion? We suspect that the race of horses thinks badly of the Orthodox Church. But those portable Viennese mangers must have been empty during the last three years: we should

not care to read a realistic account of the experiences of horses during the latter phases of the war in Russia and Austria or even in Germany. The traveller who used to make a comparative study of civilizations by inspecting the horses' ribs, would receive a shock if he were to visit London to-day. The Army horse has probably fared better in this war than in any previous outbreak of Yahoo morals in Europe. To be sure, he has had to face the new abomination of gas, to wear a mask, and learn the meaning of drum-fire, but he has been rather less exposed than of old, and a well-organized Army has cared with as much humanity as good sense for his food and his comfort, his ailments and his wounds. It is the non-combatant horse who has most reason to be a pacifist. He hears no trumpets, but he has learned, as never before, to dread the lash.

The history of the British horse during these four years has passed through four clearly-marked phases, and each of them brought its aggravation to his lot. The first stage was mobilization. Most of the younger and sounder horses were taken for the Army. That meant that the whole burden of the country's work was thrown on a greatly reduced number of horses, and those the least able to bear an extra strain. That was an evil which soon aggravated itself. The older and weaker animals died off under the strain, and importation ceased. We have heard, for example, of a single North Country coal-pit in which the ponies are now one hundred under pre-war numbers. The pit-ponies were not "mobilized"; this reduction of numbers measures the dying-off of the weaker beasts under the stress of the other conditions of hardship. The second of these conditions was the entry first of most and then of all but the older drivers and carters into the Army. The horses had now to do their work under unskilled management. Young boys, often totally ignorant of horses, and often at the stage of mental development when callousness or even a positive bent to cruelty is not uncommon, were now in charge of doubtfully-fit animals which were expected to do an abnormal amount of work. The observant pedestrian in the streets of London knows the result. He has grown accustomed to the sight of these boys endeavoring to lash weak and ancient van-horses into an impossible activity. How the beast fares at the hands of these boys, when he gets home to his stable, is a tale sometimes told in the police-courts. The girls, we think, though sometimes they may be ignorant and light-minded, have on the whole done better. A woman often brings her maternal instincts into play for the benefit of animals. The next aggravation came when petrol was controlled, and a great part of the work hitherto done by machinery was thrown upon the already over-burdened horses. The iron law of supply and demand went to work, and somehow from somewhere, ancient skeletons of horses were resurrected to draw the cabs and vans. The last and the worst stage came with the avowed shortage of fodder and the rationing of the horse.

We are assured that with very careful and scrupulous management, and the best stable conditions, a horse can just manage to live on his rations if it belongs to the higher categories, and if its master is content to exact from it about half the normal amount of work at about half the usual speed. But the ration varies enormously, and if 14 lbs. of oats on the April basis were barely enough for a dray horse, we cannot believe that 5 lbs. could suffice for a small pony "when in hard and continuous work." Horses are, in one respect, remarkably like engines. The amount of work you can get out of them depends very precisely on the amount of fuel-energy which you put into them in the shape of oats. What has happened during this war is that the food has been reduced, and the work perforce increased. The quality of the fodder fell no less than the quantity. Various mixtures and substitutes were put upon the market. One of them, sold to a country doctor, turned out on analysis, to consist solely of chaff and wood-fibre: grain there was none, and only a barely perceptible trace of hay. The analyst of the Veterinary College pronounced the food value of this widely-sold mixture to be exactly *nil*, or less than *nil*, for it would create inflammation. Rationing fixed a maximum, but there was in



the case of horses no State mechanism to ensure that a horse would get his allowance of oats and hay, as a human being is assured his butter, sugar, and tea. Fodder is sometimes unobtainable, and the quality of the hay more than usually uncertain. It is dangerous for the inexperienced to dogmatize, but there is evidence to show that this shortage is artificial. Cultivation has been extended, and two good harvests have followed in succession. A very determined meeting of horse-owners and forage-dealers was held two weeks ago in the City to protest against the "slow starvation" of horses in towns. It unanimously carried a resolution, which declared that "horses are literally starving and dying in the streets of London for want of the hay, which is being held up by the Army authorities." The rationing scheme, it declared, could not be worked, since "the sources of supply are so unreliable." The meeting was unanimous in its belief that there is no real shortage, and the blame for the shortage in the market was thrown upon army mismanagement. It is said to be a common thing to see hay of the 1917 crop, and even of the 1916 crop, still standing in the rick, waiting the permission to sell, which never comes.

Significant as this meeting was, the action of the carmen's trade union (National Union of Vehicle Workers) in protesting against the present conditions, is even more arresting. In some yards there have been carters' strikes, not for higher wages, but by way of protest against the cruelty of taking out horses to work which are unfit for work. A representative of this Union said at a recent meeting that his horses were getting exactly half the food they used to get before the war. He worked for a good master, who had partly met the difficulty by buying more horses. They were still underfed and overworked, and yet he declared that they were more fortunate than ninety-nine in every hundred London horses. A representative of the Equine Defence League stood recently on the London bridges and at such points as Covent Garden and counted the number of obviously overworked and underfed horses which went past in an hour. It varied from 120 to 70. Weakness and distress is not the worst. A horse in bad condition sweats profusely, and the damp skin is easily rubbed into a sore. In that state the puzzled, inexperienced, and often callous boy has no expedient but to tug at the bit and ply his whip.

It may be that much of this suffering is part of the inevitable price of war. None the less there is a consensus of opinion among those who care enough for horses to think of their present plight, that a great deal could be done to alleviate it. It is probably true that the Army has been much too anxious about its own needs, and that it could release a great quantity of good fodder, if it could be induced to remember the claims of the civilian horse. The Civil Controller can hope to wrestle successfully with the War Office only if public opinion insists that the War Cabinet shall back his demands. With peace almost within reach, there can now be no need for an over-anxious care about the future. An increase of supplies would permit of a further increase of the ration. Again, there are inspectors who go zealously from stable to stable inspecting the books to see that the ration is not exceeded. They ought also to be charged with the duty of seeing that the ration is supplied to the horses. Apart from the risk that a dishonest carter may sometimes sell the ration, this inspection would probably result in bringing many cases of overwork and underfeeding to light. The real remedy, however, lies with the police. They usually do effectively enough what they are instructed to do. They ought everywhere to be instructed to impose on practically all drivers of horses, especially in light vans, a pace scarcely exceeding a walk. It is only so that an underfed horse can get through his work without distress. They ought, further, to stop all horses for careful examination which show obvious signs of distress. The town policeman is by no means always capable of detecting even the obvious cases of the improper use of a horse, and it is important to instruct him more carefully in this matter. Lastly, we warmly approve the demand of the organized carters, that all drivers of horses should be licensed and all horses

registered. There is as much need here for a check upon incompetence, as there is in the case of motor-drivers. It is the boy and the "casual" driver who is usually to blame for cruelty. The withdrawal of the license for misconduct would be a valuable safeguard. No trade calls so urgently as the carters for a statutory regulation of its hours, and when that comes, we agree with the spokesmen of the Union that it must mean a shorter working day for the horse as well as for the man. That is obviously an after-war measure. The urgent steps at the moment are to increase the supply of hay, and to stimulate the vigilance of the police. If horses were as vocal in their suffering as dogs or cows, the streets in these days would be impassable for any save a very callous man. Because they suffer silently, our eyes have gradually grown accustomed to the dismal sight of these uncovered ribs, these dragging legs, these perspiring skins. It is only when some exceptionally prosperous animal comes trotting along that we realize how insensibly our whole standard has changed. We have to think not merely of the purgatory of the moment for our horses, but also of the future. Unless prompt action is taken, we risk, as a result of the war, a degeneration in our national average of humanity. It was, on the whole, a high and creditable average. It will not survive the war, it may with difficulty revive, if a generation of boys and girls grow up who have forgotten what a happy horse should look like.

## Communications.

### A DEMOCRATIC WORLD TRUST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—One feels justified in recalling the attention of writers for or against the League of Nations to the individual human being. That the satisfaction of his needs is the *raison d'être* of any scheme, and even of peace, is apt to be forgotten.

Mr. Brailsford in his prize essay published in the "English Review" indicated that for him the foundations of internationalism lie in an encircling authoritative government rather than in the individual and independent practice of common principles. Mr. H. G. Wells, in a recent series of letters to the "Morning Post," shows himself not altogether dissimilar in his views to Mr. Brailsford, but he stresses the League as an armed Government, where the latter laid emphasis upon the benefits that would be conferred without force.

But I believe there is a course, different from that of Mr. Brailsford and of Mr. H. G. Wells, and quite remote from the "Morning Post's" "we never have, why should we now?" which promises hope of an ultimately free, smooth-running, and profitable existence. The key-words are personal liberty and organized service. In spite of Mr. H. G. Wells's jibes at those who may venture at this time upon any degree of definition, I venture to give a sketch here of an international agreement.

### AN INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT.

The Agreement would be the outcome of a Peace Conference in which all nations would take part, *neutrals as well as belligerents*. Its foundation would be the recognition of the right of all adult individuals, as human beings, to share in the government of the country to which they belong.

The terms would be somewhat to the following effect, and would be an agreement by all nations to set up—

1. Adult suffrage for men and women, with a system of direct majority and minority representation.
2. The abolition of all import and export duties.
3. The establishment of a minimum standard of life, by an International Factory Act, a minimum wage and a minimum standard of housing.
4. The adoption of an international language to be taught in all Government schools and Universities, and to be used in all official international communications.

5. No separate treaties, alliances, or understandings to be entered into between nations.

6. Adoption of a complete international system of weights, measures, and coinage, and of standards for screw threads, electric currents for lighting and heating, railroad gauges, &c., &c.

7. Adoption of international rules for shipping and air-service, of international copyright and patent laws.

8. Adoption of equalized harbour and aerodrome dues, and of equalized railway fares and rates.

9. An international meridian.

10. Home-rule upon the basis of national agreements.

11. Disarmament, save for sufficient military force to protect life and property in undeveloped possessions, or in lands bordering upon them.

12. The adoption by countries having colonies with "native" populations, of a code of rules for their proper protection and well-being, upon the general principle that the sovereign country is in the position of a trustee and not of a profiteer of the subject people.

13. An adjustment or confirmation of all frontiers and boundaries.

14. No more territory to be acquired after these adjustments and confirmations, save internationally as set out below (16).

15. The payment of the war-bill by the losers to the extent of their financial ability, payment to be extended over a period of twenty-one years.

#### A WORLD TRUST.

16. The establishment of a World Trust managed by an International Board of Trustees for the general purposes of:—

Providing SERVICE common to all nations.

Research and discovery.

Acquiring from the winners by purchase, and managing them, all lands forfeit to the losers, and acquiring any other territory that from time to time any country may be willing to sell; and holding in trust and developing all lands not apportioned to any individual nation under this agreement.

#### SOME DETAILS.

##### COMPOSITION OF THE BOARD.

The Board would consist of representatives from every elected House of Parliament to a number of about one per cent. of each.

##### SERVICE.

The Trust would establish an International Bank.

The Trust would be the responsible authority for the order of the seas, lights, buoys, the destruction of wrecks, police, the provision of salvage boats, of aircraft guides, the issue of charts, of memoranda upon winds, &c. It would provide everything that forethought and progressive science could suggest for the convenience of sea and air service.

The Trust would carry out the necessary negotiations with all the countries concerned for the fixing of equal harbour and aerodrome dues, and equal railway fares and rates.

The Trust would decide upon the new systems of weights, measures, coinage.

It would also select and become the responsible authority for an international language; issuing textbooks, gramophone records of standard pronunciations, translations, and would train teachers.

The Trust would administer the international patent and copyright laws. It would be its duty to advise upon the reform of constitutions and the making of new ones, so that the tendency might be towards a standard.

All the spadework and negotiations for the gradual standardization of courts of justice, legal procedure, and law would fall upon the Trust.

It would be this side of the Trust's duty to be on the alert to foresee the world's needs for fresh Service.

##### TERRITORY.

The Trust would maintain such a police force as was necessary for the protection of life and property upon the territories under its control. It would issue the agreed rules for the treatment of subject peoples.

#### MINIMUM STANDARD OF LIFE.

The Board would fix the international minimum wage, adjusting it from time to time as circumstances changed; it would specify the minimum standard of housing, and issue the minimum international conditions for work.

#### CARRYING OUT THE AGREEMENT.

In accordance with this agreement the International Board would have in every country a number of inspectors with access to all workshops, yards, docks, mines, &c., to observe and report any deviations from the agreement.

#### CONCLUSION.

Under such an agreement as has been sketched there would be no surrender of freedom, but rather immense extensions of it. The world would move more buoyantly released from the shackles of its huge armaments; through the economy of Service-in-common it would have taken another step towards freedom from the tyrant waste; every market would be free to the merchant, every material equally free to all manufacturers; every land more accessible to the traveller; productive labor freer to produce the necessary means for a more dignified life.—Yours, &c.,

A. RANDALL WELLS.

[We have to some extent curtailed Mr. Wells's interesting sketch, but the substance is as he has suggested.—Ed., THE NATION.]

## Letters to the Editor.

#### THE FUTURE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS.

SIR,—As an American of some years' residence in this country, I feel impelled to call attention to the conflict actually taking place between President Wilson and his domestic opponents. The information obtainable through English newspapers is meagre and the importance of the issue may easily be overlooked. It bears not only on the coming peace conference, but on future Anglo-American relations.

The Republican party, now the opposition, has for some time past applied itself to the publication of its grievances against the party in power. Many of these grievances, including charges of administrative incompetence, concern the American people alone. Many are quite likely to be well founded; with the exception of a small number of men close to the President, the Democratic Party is probably inferior to the Republican in the quality of its leaders. More recently, however, the Republicans have not confined themselves to criticism of internal policy of internal blunders; some of their spokesmen have attacked Mr. Wilson's foreign policy, or maintained tenets wholly opposed to that policy.

The effect of this campaign will soon be patent, if it is not already visible, in this country. So long as it was supposed that Mr. Wilson was unanimously supported by his own countrymen, his policy was acclaimed with universal approval by the English Press; now that domestic dissension has asserted itself, we may expect to discover who are and who are not Mr. Wilson's sincere supporters in England.

You have stated in THE NATION that "The old guard of the Republican party, with Senator Lodge at its head, is undoubtedly opposing, as openly as it dare, the whole League of Nations idea."

An examination of some of Mr. Lodge's speeches confirms the accuracy of this allegation. The attitude of Senator Lodge and his friends will not find favor with those elements in this country which have favored President Wilson's peace programme. My question is, whether it should commend itself to any English opinion whatever.

Henry Cabot Lodge has been senator from Massachusetts for some years, and he has the best connexions in Boston society. He belongs to a section of the American public which has loyally supported Great Britain from the beginning of the war. And his peace programme certainly appears to offer as much material advantage to England as England could ask. He would seem, in short, to be at least as good a friend to England as President Wilson is. But his policy is potentially even more nationalistic than it is at present pro-British. The "Old Guard" of his party is traditionally associated with a high protective tariff, and Senator Lodge is traditionally associated with the Old Guard. The history and composition of the Republican party and the present emergencies of its more conservative elements do not encourage one to believe that it would sacrifice business interest to international amity.

It would mean universal disaster if the participation of America in the war does not lead to closer friendships and understanding, to freer intercourse of ideas, between America and



# SALE

## of Household and Fancy Linens

Now Proceeding for ten days only.

THE articles offered during this Special Sale comprise a stock of Damask Tablecloths and Napkins, also Linen and Cotton Sheets, Face Towels, charming selection of Fancy Linens, Handkerchiefs, Lace and Embroidered Bedspreads and Down Quilts, all bought previous to the advance in prices. These are offered now at below to-day's ordinary prices, and in very many cases represent goods unprocurable.

Fine quality Hemstitched Tablecloths in real Irish hand-woven Damask. Unprocurable to-day.

Size	Each
2 by 2 yds. Special sale price	42/-
2 " 2½ " " " "	58/6
2½ " 2½ " " " "	59/6
2½ " 3 " " " "	75/-

Hemstitched Table Napkins to match. Size 27 by 27 ins. Special sale price 84/- per dozen.

350 dozen fine Irish Damask Table Napkins. Size 24 by 24 ins. Special sale price 35/6 per dozen.

60 only. Special value handsome Lace Union Top Sheets.

Size	Each
80 ins. by 3½ yds. Special sale price	45/6
100 " " 3½ " " " "	59/6

35 only Lace and Linen Top Sheets, for single beds. Size 2 by 3 yds. Special sale price 31/6 each.

Fine quality Hemstitched Pure Irish Linen Pillow Cases, size 20 by 30 ins. Special sale price 9/6 each.

100 Handsome Lace trimmed Union Pillow Cases.

Size	Per pair.
20 by 30 ins. Special sale price	29/6
22 " 32 " " " "	33/6

234 Down Quilts, covered with our exclusive Jacobean design in Sateen both sides, with narrow panel plain sateen and wide outside border, extra well filled pure Arctic down and ventilated.

Size	Each
6 ft. by 4 ft. Special sale price	39/6
6 " 5 " " " "	49/6

In White, Blue, Rose, Black and Grey ground with borders to match.

Reproduction of Filet Lace Bedspreads. Size 85 by 95 ins.

Special sale price 16/9 each.

Handsome Lace Bedspread reproduced from Antique Filet. Size 96 ins. by 100 ins.

Special sale price 33/6 each.

Reproduction Lace Bedspread. Size 90 ins. by 100 ins.

Special sale price 29/6 each.

415 Down Quilts covered in Block Printed Sateen both sides with wide satin panel, extra well filled with pure Arctic down and thoroughly ventilated.

Size	Each
6 ft. by 4 ft. Special sale price	49/6
6 " 5 " " " "	63/-

In Black, Blue and Rose.

383 Down Quilts covered in Block Printed Sateen both sides, well filled pure Arctic down and ventilated.

Size	Each
6 ft. by 4 ft. Special sale price	45/6
6 " 5 " " " "	55/6

Also with Black, Rose and Blue border

160 dozen fine Hemstitched Longcloth Pillow Cases. Size 20 by 30 ins. Special sale price 2/9 each.

# WARING & GILLOW

Furnishers & Decorators  
to H. M. the King

164-180 Oxford St., London, W. 1.

## THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICE: YOKOHAMA. LONDON OFFICE: 7, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.3

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED ... Yen 48,000,000

CAPITAL PAID UP Yen 42,000,000 | RESERVE FUND Yen 24,300,000

The Seventy-seventh Half-Yearly General Meeting of Shareholders was held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on the 10th September, 1918, when the Directors submitted the following statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and the Profit and Loss Account for the half-year ended 30th June, 1918, which was duly approved.

### BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.		Y
Capital (paid up) .....	42,000,000.00	
Reserve Fund .....	23,100,000.00	
Reserve for Doubtful Debts .....	2,710,029.24	
Notes in Circulation .....	21,256,730.52	
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.) .....	659,974,077.44	
Bills Payable, Bills Re-discounted, Acceptances, and other Sums due by the Bank .....	403,097,271.23	
Dividends Unclaimed .....	9,155.77	
Balance of Profit and Loss brought forward from last Account .....	2,720,448.73	
Net Profit for the past Half-year .....	3,983,554.19	
	Yen 1,158,867,327.12	

### ASSETS.

		Y	Y
Cash Account—			
In Hand .....	42,002,630.81		
At Bankers .....	223,485,861.83		265,488,492.64
Investments in Public Securities .....			22,672,863.74
Bills discounted, Loans, Advances, &c. .....			338,829,655.47
Bills receivable and other Sums due to the Bank .....			526,627,162.12
Bullion and Foreign Money .....			2,062,302.23
Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c. ....			3,186,850.92
		Yen 1,158,867,327.12	

### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

		Y
To Interests, Taxes, Current Expenses, Rebate on Bills Current, Bad and Doubtful Debts, Bonus for Officers and Clerks, &c. ....	58,680,472.94	
To Reserve Fund .....	1,200,000.00	
To Dividend—		
{ yen 6.00 per Old Share for 240,000 Shares }		
{ yen 4.00 per New Share " }	2,400,000.00	
To Balance carried forward to next Account .....	3,104,002.92	
	Yen 65,384,475.86	

		Y
By Balance brought forward 31st December, 1917 .....	2,720,448.73	
By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 30th June, 1918 .....	62,664,027.13	
	Yen 65,384,475.86	

# Bournville Cocoa and Chocolate

"THE VERY FINEST PRODUCTS."

The Medical Mag.

We take this opportunity to state that we are supplying our trade customers with as large a quantity of cocoa and chocolate as the Government restrictions in raw materials permit, and express our regret for any inconvenience the public may experience in obtaining supplies.

CADBURY BROS. Ltd., Bournville.

England. No understanding based on economic interest alone could survive; even the legitimate interests of the two countries may cause delicate situations; the economic interests of America and England are compatible, but not identical; there are difficulties to be solved, and suspicions to be dispelled. Should affairs be simultaneously directed by Extremist factions in both countries, it is hardly to be expected that the extremes would meet.

Nothing but ideas can bind the two countries together. Since the entry of America into the War, the Republican party has not yet succeeded in producing a single idea of importance. The question whether America should not have entered the war earlier is now a dead issue. The policy of President Wilson is the only one which offers any security for the continuance and development of Anglo-American harmony.—Yours, &c.,

T. S. ELIOT.

#### "CORN FROM OLDE FIELDS."

SIR,—Many readers besides myself must be grateful to "Wayfarer" for calling their attention to the recently published anthology, "Corn from Olde Fields." Notwithstanding some experience of such things, I must confess to being startled and delighted in a quite new way by this verse of a carol new to me. Put into modern English, it runs thus:—

"Lullay, thou little tiny child, why weepest  
Thou so sore?  
Thou art both God and Man—what wouldest  
Thou be more?"

This is "simple" and "child-like" if you like; but how bold, how profound, how extraordinarily interesting! This again is delightful:

"Had not the apple taken been,  
The apple taken been  
Then never had Our Lady  
A-been Heaven's Queen!  
Blessed be the time  
That apple taken was,  
Therefore we may sing  
Deo gracias."

This is a popular version, saying precisely the same thing in popular language, of the glorious Easter Eve Preface:

"O felix culpa, que meruit talem et tantum Redemptorem!"

With regard to the hymn "Hierusalem, my Happie Home," Dr. Neale's note is worth quoting: "The following hymn, so well known in its corrupt and abbreviated form, is found in a thin quarto, in the British Museum, lettered on the back Queen Elizabeth, and marked 15,225. It contains several other pieces of poetry, evidently by Roman Catholics; one headed 'Here followeth the song Mr. Thewlis wrote himself'; and another, 'Here followeth the song of the death of Mr. Thewlis.' Now John Thewlis was a priest, barbarously executed at Manchester, March 18, 1617. It is probable therefore that 'F. B. P.' was another sufferer (in all likelihood a priest), in the persecution either of Elizabeth or James I. It was most impudently appropriated to himself, and mixed up with a quantity of his own rubbish by one Dickson, a Covenantor. . . . Thus I had written in the first edition. But I have since been informed . . . that the initials stand for Francis Baker Porter, a secular priest for some time imprisoned in the Tower, and the author of a few short devotional treatises." This seemed satisfactory, till I was informed by a correspondent . . . that there is in the British Museum a translation, not by Father Porter, of the City of God, in which the verses stand as part of the version. The question deserves further investigation, and I purpose not to rest till the real authorship is decided."

This purpose, alas! was never carried out; it is greatly to be wished that the unfulfilled task should be undertaken by some competent scholar.

There is a greatly debased and altogether inferior modern version of the lovely little poem "My Master has a Garden," ascribed by himself, or others, if I remember rightly, to Mr. Baring-Gould. It contains lines like:

"Stately rows of hollyhock  
Stand like prelates in a flock."

But the sorely abused original is adorable.—Yours, &c.,

R. L. GALES.

Gedney Vicarage, Holbeach.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE BOUNDER.

SIR,—I have not, ere this, had an opportunity of reading the article on "The Bounder" in THE NATION of October 19th.

The writer is uncertain as to the origin of the name. It was an old mining term applied formally to men who, at the invitation of "the Lord," marked out working claims on the Duchy lands in Cornwall. I believe that somewhat similar free mining rights—subject to the payment of royalty, such as a "dish of tin"—exist to the present day on the "King's land" in the Peak district of Derbyshire.

The Bounders indicated the extent of their claims by little piles of stones, but unscrupulous "Bounders" were known to surreptitiously steal from their neighbor's claim by altering the stones at night and hence the name fell into contempt as denoting an untrustworthy fellow.—Yours, &c.,

A. P. I. COTTERELL.  
(M. Inst. C.E., F.S.A., &c.).

#### SIR HUBERT PARRY.

SIR,—I have been a Fellow of King's for fifty-nine years, and I do not think that the words quoted by "F. T." were spoken by any of my brethren. It sounds more like Trinity. I remember as if it was yesterday, Thompson asking Gurney what he was going to do. "Music! Well, it is better than dancing." Jebb was taking dancing lessons. I knew Hubert Parry first as a boy of fifteen, playing Mozart and all the music I loved most. I always regarded him as the first English composer of his age, and so will the world come to think him. For myself, I consider the last chorus in the "Birds" as one of the noblest of his works. Under the exuberant joy of the Sicilian Expedition sounds the pathos of its catastrophe.—Yours, &c.,

OSCAR BROWNING.

King's College, Cambridge. October 25th, 1918.

#### MR. BALFOUR'S SPEECH.

SIR,—It is something to know that Mr. Lansbury does not believe Mr. Balfour to be essentially bad, and is charitable enough to class him with the Jews of Herod's time, for they, too, knew not what they did. But does it really matter much what the Germans think of our War aims and motives? For more than four years their rulers have preached to them of our wickedness and our selfishness, and at the worst all they could say now is: "We told you so." The fate of their Colonies weighs little with the mass of the population compared with the fate of their Homeland.

Apart from this, I would ask Mr. Lansbury whether he really favors the return of those Colonies to Germany? Has he read of the nameless atrocities they have committed there? Or, having read them, does he disbelieve the evidence? And what becomes of the principle of self determination? Are the inhabitants to have no say in this matter? Mr. Lansbury assumes Mr. Balfour to mean that those Colonies are to be retained by us—but nowhere have I read that Mr. Balfour ever said that; only that they were never to be returned to the Germans. Fraudulent trustees are not usually put in possession again of the estates they have swindled.

In conclusion it would be interesting to know where in that speech of Mr. Balfour's there is any trace of his vetoing the Colonial expansion of other Powers—of one Power, perhaps, Germany—but what others? As for the League of Nations, let us wait and see its provisions and conditions—before entrusting the safety and security of our Empire to it.—Yours, &c.,

R. H. S.

#### TENNYSON'S PROPHECY.

SIR,—Tennyson's forecast of the "Airy Navies" of the world—a forecast which has had so remarkable a fulfilment—is familiar to all.

Perhaps his vision of the "League of Nations" may not have attracted so much attention—the

"wonder that would be when  
the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were  
furled  
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

"There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

—Yours &c.,

E. J. R.

## Poetry

#### THE CROWS.

GOD walks the field of heaven,  
And sows the stars for seed.  
The crows of darkness follow.

Who has need of light  
(Every man has need)  
Let him curse the crows  
Seven times on seven!

They have robbed the rows  
Of the field of heaven,  
Hiding under night —  
Robbed the purple hollow  
And the shining height.

Who has need of light  
(Every man has need)  
Let him curse the crows  
Seven times on seven!

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.





## "Love's Revolt"

### APHORISMS PERSONIFIED By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

VULGARITY is the vogue. It is possible to vulgarise oneself on refinement, but it is preferable to refine oneself on vulgarity. And contracting a fashionable disease, I am impelled to operate aphoristically.

Truth has become a stranger. It is therefore almost as amusing to write the truth as to listen to a good lie. I lead an amusing life.

I occasionally converse truthfully, but it requires much explaining, and—the day is so short.

I am inundated with understanding. "Your views are splendid, but, of course, you will wind up in prison." So writes a soldier. "You must be a Christ-like character," writes another of my innumerable correspondents. But my intimates tell me they do not agree with either.

I am neither Bolshevik nor Carmelite. I aspire to higher things.

I relish the doubt whether the war will make the world safe for Democracy, Bureaucracy, or Shamrockcracy.

My views on any subject can be stated in five words, "I disagree with most people." This is no proof of insanity.

National ideals are not merely beautiful in conception; they are the subtlest argument to empower the conscription of liberty.

War brings the most affluent emotions to inhuman nature. Should you doubt this, question the Brewers and the Bureaucrats.

If one accepts Christianity heaven must now be overflowing with young men. Hell will fill up later when the old men die—naturally.

Pessimists say "The good die young." Optimists say "The Young die! Good!"

When the Profiteer is asked "What did you do in the great war, daddy?" he will be able to answer proudly "I did well."

It is more logical for sterile spinsters to theorise on love than for childless men to dogmatise on the future of "our children."

Old men in armchairs have little regard for veracity. We hear them saying "We have won the war"; why not "They?" Or is it an erroneous impression that the young men in the trenches had something to do with it?

I do not really like commercialism, but I appreciate caviare and a Rolls Royce. And so I am commercial—occasionally.

My only objection to business is that it interferes with pleasure.

Wisdom is negative unless it enables one to appreciate the joy of foolishness.

Unless handicapped by education, it is not really difficult to become a millionaire if one is unscrupulous, but it impairs the mental and physical digestion.

Wartime increases should be anything but a boast, but from 1909 to 1914 the business of Pope & Bradley increased 1,000 per cent. So appearances convict me of commercialism. But no credit is due for commercial success. It only requires an ordinary intelligence. This may, of course, read as a reflection on the average intelligence.

14, Old Bond St., W. 1.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Dardanelles Campaign." By H. W. Nevinston. (Nisbet. 18s. net.)
- "Outlines of Social Philosophy." By J. S. Mackenzie, Litt.D., LL.D. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "At Home in the War." By G. S. Street. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Dr. Elsie Inglis." By Lady Frances Balfour. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)
- "Nietzsche, the Thinker." By William W. Salter. (Palmer & Hayward. 15s. net.)
- "Echoes of the War." By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

\* \* \*

IN the winter it never rains. It is merely wet weather. But it is the lucky time when the long evenings are to be made rich with the reading of those books which are warmth and light deferred; and maybe, in the case of the more idle, with the profound consideration of the plan of that other book, not yet written, and destined, like most secret and prismatic dreams, to remain just that and no more. Once, anyhow, we used to look forward to those advantages of winter quarters, for then, though rain-clouds hid the usual stars, yet by the outer gate the last thing at night, because a familiar tree was aware of a brightness screened to us, its myriad crystals made a sufficient constellation. One used to notice such small matters, and be thankful for them. Those fugitive lights would do, meanwhile. We could get our bearings. But the street lamp which once afforded us that minor earnest that the world was well is now only a funereal purple blur somewhere in outer darkness, a darkness through which comes no bearings even by reflection. You peer into the night and rain for any reasonable and familiar shape to loom—there is no harm in doing that; it is allowed locally—but you get nothing but the sound of unseen drainage, as though the very landmarks were in solution. All the more reason to get to whatever book most resembles deferred sunlight; so you go in again, for it is past midnight; and, the act being quite unpatriotic, put on more coals with the fingers, as this makes less noise than a shovel. I choose a pipe, bought once in a great hurry at Amiens, because it holds the most, watch the flames, and take stock.

\* \* \*

LAST week a writer in THE NATION mentioned our exhilaration at the coming of Peace. And naturally we are greatly obliged to her. I remember, during a much earlier and wasted exhilaration, making an appointment with a few young English soldiers to meet them in Brussels, where we intended to celebrate with lively flagons the arrival of the dove. Things have happened since, and to-day that festival could have but one celebrant. Then later, in a mood of contrition which came no doubt of craven fear, it was thought that, on the day peace came, church would be the right place. Again, much has happened since; and now, when peace arrives, I suppose most of us will casually make reasonably certain that the bird resembles a dove, and go to bed early—just taking another look at the creature next morning, in the presence of a competent witness, to confirm that no dream has been fooling us, and if it has not, say no more about it.

\* \* \*

FOR when heavy winter weather hides the fixed lights, it is useless for us to pretend in midnight privacy that the sort of darkness which once turned us in quiet content to a book in solitude is now somehow very different only because it is intensified by the projection of our own shadow. It is not because of that. The night itself is different. It hides a world unknown. We see no reflection

there because its light is to come, and can shape nothing in it because what was familiar there has passed. When our memory of a world that has gone stands peering into the dark tumult sounding to the approach of a portentous but uncharted time, that memory may turn if it likes to all that is left to it, to its books in solitude again, but not with quiet content. To-morrow, of course, we shall pull ourselves together, feel more curious and adventurous in our new world, and see what we can do towards greeting the unseen with a fairly respectable cheer, to show it there is really no settled ill-feeling. But I have always found that, when leaving port, outward bound, in dark weather, though the voyage to come was to be strange and romantic, one heard precious little cheering from the glum figures moving about the ship. She was brave and seaworthy, but she was bleak and alien. In a week it will be all right. We shall have got out of the murk of this latitude. We shall be making south. We shall have got used to each other's unfamiliar ways and faces. We shall be interested in the new landfalls. It is the start that is sullen and unpropitious. And here is Peace coming, and there are my books; but though this midnight pipe is nearly done, and the fire too, I have not yet settled on a book—as you may have observed, if you have got as far as this into a new day with me—which I really wish to read. The books are like the ashes on the hearth. Listen to the wind, with its deep sounds of the spacious and empty wilderness! What do any of these old books know about me, know about that? We are all outward bound, and this is the first night of a new long voyage.

\* \* \*

MY own book-shelves look to-night remarkably like the library I saw once in a house in Richbourg St. Vaast. Those French volumes also belonged to circumstances which had passed. They were litter and residue. They had been left behind. I doubted that I could touch them, if I tried. I did not try. Richbourg then had only just left this world; this was nearly four years ago. There was a road that had no sign of life except in one house, from which the front had fallen, showing ruin within, and showing also a doll with a foolish smirk dangling on a wire from a beam, dancing in mirth each time hidden guns were fired. That was the only movement in Richbourg, and the only sound, except our footsteps. We felt like survivors from the past, venturing at our peril among the wreckage and hardly remembered relics of what used to be familiar, and oppressed by the invisible presence of the strange power which had overwhelmed Richbourg, which had left us desolate in a changing world; a world showing no clue to the mystery but the ecstatic mockery of mirth over its ruin by that little idiotic doll. There was another house, which appeared intact, and we entered it for no other reason than that from a displaced tile in its roof we might see to La Bassée opposite. I looked through the gap, but recollect nothing but a glimpse of a wonderful blotch of terra-cotta not far off. It might have been a brickfield. It might have been anything. It was the enemy, however. What I chiefly remember is that on the floor of that room, scattered about with lumps of plaster and shards, were a child's alphabetical blocks. One of the child's shoes was there. By a window where we dared not venture, though no reason for it showed, was an old bureau, open, and its writing-pad and papers smothered with fragments of glass and thick with new dust. Some of its drawers were open, and the contents spilled. Round the walls were bookcases having leaded diamond panes. Whoever was there last had left some doors open, and gaps in the rows. But the books taken out had been dropped to the floor, put on the mantelpiece, left on the stairs. One, still open, was on the bureau. I hardly looked at those books. What could they tell me? Just as they were, in the quiet, they were telling me all they could. There was no more to be said. I did notice a text-book of botany, because it was on a shelf by the door, in company with an odd volume of Voltaire's works. Sitting on a bracket in the shadow of an angle of the walls a little bust of Rousseau overlooked with me the same scene. In such a place and time you must make your own interpretation of the enigmatic silence and the change. The books are old, and are covered with the dust of an era abruptly ended.

H. M. T.



writing to a friend of mine  
down two requirements—viz., "  
tion, but my wife desires a soul  
Chillenden Rectory, Canterbur

NOTICE.—When "Corresp  
the writer's name or initials,  
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## BOOKS WORTH READING

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THE book of the moment. Now Ready. A wise and comprehensive view of  
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tional, with a sound plot at the bottom."—Observer 6/- net

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By May Edginton. A love story which is developed on striking and  
original lines. 7/- net

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we have read for months."—Referee. 7/- net

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W. B. Maxwell's latest. "Altogether an exceedingly interesting and clever  
book."—Lady's Pictorial. 7/- net

### The House of Cassell, London, E.C.4.

BOOKS

LORD CLIVE.\*

At last we have got a Life of Clive which is worthy of its subject.

Hitherto Clive, as great and as memorable in character, in intel-  
lect, and in the power of expression as he was in action, has lain  
under the grievous disability of imperfect biography. There has  
not only been no adequate Life of Clive, but till now the world  
has had little or no chance of reading the superlatively wise  
and statesmanlike despatches, letters, and speeches in which  
Clive not merely dealt with the troubles of the moment, but laid  
down for all time the principles which ought to govern indi-  
viduals and nations in their dealings with Asiatics and Asian  
politics. But even worse than this neglect of Clive's doings and  
sayings was the fact that what little was known to the public about  
him was derived from what can only be described as Macaulay's  
brilliant caricature. That caricature is no doubt fascinating,  
incisive, and, like many caricatures in print and in line, sympathetic,  
and meant to be sympathetic. Yet for all that, and for all its  
many attractions, the famous essay is a caricature. In order to get  
a certain effect particular features are heightened and distorted and  
others suppressed altogether, until a man entirely different from  
the real man, and yet all the time with a kind of poignant re-  
semblance, is produced. Macaulay's essay on Clive lives, and will  
continue to live, in literature because the author was a man of  
genius. But we must never forget that when we read and thrill it  
is not about the real Clive. The figure before us is as essentially  
a work of art as, say, Shakespeare's Henry V. Happily, however,  
the Clive whom Sir George Forrest has drawn for us in his two  
volumes, full, we are glad to say, of the *ipsissima verba* of his

\* The Life of Lord Clive. By Sir George Forrest, C.I.E. 2 vols. London: Cassell  
and Co. (36s. net.)

subject, is quite as vivid as Macaulay's sketch and infinitely  
more interesting. Here we enjoy the form and features of a  
not worried by the thunderous distortions  
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they discuss the Montagu

address to the officers who in  
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t in the plains of Plassey.  
that Clive in his letters was  
uld be as lively as he could be  
speaking of his chief rival in  
to as "Sir Hannibal Hot Pot."  
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## Reviews.

## EVANGELICALISM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

"The Life and Friendships of Catherine Marsh." By L. E. O'Rorke. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE Evangelicals in the Church of England have never had justice done to them. They are dismissed as a "sect," a word singularly inappropriate when we remember that the message of the Gospel lies at the roots of the Christian Faith, and animates all that is spiritually vital in the Roman, the Anglican, and the Protestant communities. But to be miscalled and ridiculed is no great matter, and were that all, no one need ask the question which is asked, and not infrequently—What has become of Evangelicalism in the Church of England?

But it is not all, for whilst the sacramental traditions of the seventeenth-century divines are enthroned and installed in the Establishment, and are made vocal in history, biography, sermons, essays, and books of devotion, the traditions of the Romaines, the Newtons, the Venns, and the Simeons seem to have become as faded and out of fashion as are the portraits of their professors when, by any chance, you get a glimpse of them in the frontispieces of their collected but neglected writings.

If this is so—why is it?

Among the many other advantages of having been brought up in a Nonconformist household I can reckon the opportunity of reading, very much at my leisure, the Essays of that sound and honest thinker, that learned man and most determined Evangelical, John Foster, who is not by any means to be confused, as he often is by ignorant cataloguers, with another essayist of a different order of merit, John Forster—the biographer and friend of Dickens.

As all elderly Nonconformists know, one of John Foster's essays bears the bold and to me, from the first hour my eye lighted on it, the singularly attractive title "On Some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered Unacceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste."

As this essay occupies 206 pages of an octavo volume, the reader of to-day may judge it to have degenerated into a treatise, but Foster was an old-fashioned author, and better acquainted with Mr. Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" than with Mr. Lamb's "Essays of Elia," and had he been challenged as to the word "essay" he could easily have cited many weighty examples justifying his use of it.

John Foster was, like Montaigne and Bishop Butler, an author of good faith—indeed, of *strictissimi fidei*—and, having set himself a somewhat ungrateful task, he proceeds with it reluctantly but firmly.

Six of his reasons for this aversion (which, of course, he depletes) may be given briefly, but in his own words:—

- "1. A meagre list of topics.
2. Uncouth religious language.
3. Common-place, inflated to fustian.
4. An abuse of metaphors and similes.
5. A barbarous diction, giving the gospel the air of a professional thing which must have its peculiar cast of phrases.
6. The incessant repetitions of Biblical phrases, usually modified phrases, made by changing or adding words, by compounding two phrases into one, and by fitting the rest of the language to the biblical phrases by an imitative antique construction."

The force of these reasons will not be disputed by anyone whose reading has made him acquainted with the great body of Evangelical authors, on whom, collectively, Foster passes this judgment: "On the whole, it would appear that a profound veneration for Christianity would induce the wish that, after a judicious selection of books had been made, the Christians also had their Caliph Omar."

Why should this have been so with the ordinary run of English Protestant Evangelicals?

It might not unreasonably have been supposed that a devout acquaintance with King James's Version of the Bible, and the Prayer Book, would alone have been enough to purify almost any taste, to have purged the vocabulary of all but the vilest, and to have exorcised Bathos from the breast of Piety.

Another reason may be added to Foster's half-dozen, for it has gained force since his day. Foster died in 1843, and from that time forward there has been a growing passion for hymns both in public worship and even as an aid to private devotion. Talk about the hundred best books! Are there fifty even tolerable hymns? And yet you cannot take up a biography of any evangelically-minded person who has died during the last sixty years without running the grave risk of finding it stuffed full of terrible rhymes, mixed metaphors, repulsive images, and attenuated thoughts, and of being told at the same time that these often deplorable strains were the "favourite hymns" of the departed one.

Again I ask, why should this be so? A witty divine—Rowland Hill, I think—once asked: "Why should the Devil have all the best tunes?" I am tempted to inquire, "Why should the Almighty have the worst words?"

I hope I shall not be told that those moments when your thoughts are holiest and your hopes highest are the very moments when you become indifferent to simplicity, dignity, and purity of diction.

Dr. Johnson was probably not far wrong in his sweeping condemnation of all sacred poetry:—

"Faith cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than to be expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. Supplication of man to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion, but supplication to God can only cry for mercy."

Stately language of this character, proceeding from the gloomy depths of a sinner, who though he could take his ease at his inn, had never learnt to do so on Mt. Zion, is not likely to appeal to large congregations—so hymns there must be, but too many of them are great obstacles.

I have, I perceive, gone not a little astray from my original purpose, which was not so much to seek the reasons why the expressions of evangelical piety grate on the ear of a cultivated taste, but to ask assistance in finding out what of late has become of Evangelicalism in the Church of England. I am sure it exists, despite the hymnals, but where is it to be found, and what are its modifications?

I have just read an admirable biography of a great evangelical lady, Miss Catherine Marsh, who carried down the best traditions of Evangelicalism in the Church of England to the present times, for she died less than six years ago—though at the matriarchal age of ninety-four!

"English Hearts and English Hands," recording her relations, Christian and human, with the navigators or "navvies," her Memorials of a pious young soldier, Captain Hedley Vickers, and (in a less degree) her life of her father, are three books that travelled far, and were so well received and talked about in their day as might almost have induced an onlooker of the period to believe that he lived in a Christian world.

In the pages of Miss Marsh's biography, which, save for the unwelcome incursion of a good deal of inferior versification, contain little irrelevant matter, a careful reader has no difficulty in discovering both the secret and the charm of Catherine Marsh's life and character.

Her humanity and courage gave effect to her methods, which were bold and direct. For dukes, navvies, and waiters she had the same evangel. She tackled Mr. Gladstone on the sinfulness of Home Rule, and urged him to go down, first upon his knees and afterwards to the House of Commons, and withdraw the Bill from the Orders of the Day. "Oh, how grand it would be!" Mr. Gladstone's reply is lost, but as he venerated Miss Marsh and valued her prayers, we may be sure it bore no trace of temper.

For Mr. Froude, Miss Marsh entertained the same warm affection this much-abused historian and biographer seldom failed to excite in the hearts of good women; and when he came to die, she was able, placing perhaps too much reliance on his assurances that however differently they might express themselves they meant much the same thing, to feel convinced that her old friend "was with his Saviour."

Now, Miss Marsh was by birth and breeding a daughter of the Church of England, born in her father's vicarage, and living all her long life in full communion and godly fellowship with its most pious members. She corre-



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sponded freely with Archbishops. Yet never, so far as appears, during her ninety-four years did the words "good Churchmanship" ever cross her lively lips, and she treasured to the end of her days the letter addressed to her on her twelfth birthday by her beloved mother, urging her to become a real Christian: "Oh, my sweet child, could you know my anxious desire to see you a real Christian!"

It must be said, though with reverence, that for all that appears in this biography, Miss Marsh might have been a Nonconformist—almost a Baptist! Was that Evangelicalism in the Church of England circa 1818-1912?

Another noticeable feature about this famous Evangelical was her wide acquaintance with all ranks of society. Nor was there any trace of religious "economy." Wherever she went she carried the message of the Gospel with her—her piety and prayers accompanied her on all her rounds. A very pleasing picture could be composed from her correspondence of the religion of those who are sometimes referred to as the nobility and gentry of the realm, in whose houses Miss Marsh, in her evangelical character, was a welcome guest.

Yet just before I became absorbed in Miss Marsh's biography I had been re-reading her friend Froude's searching book on Mr. Disraeli, and had noted the following passage: "The students of English history in time to come who would know what the nobles of England were like in the days of Queen Victoria will read 'Lothair' with the same interest with which they read Horace and Juvenal."

Between the nobles of England as they move about in the glittering pages of Disraeli, and the plain, pious, hard-working personages whose names are recorded in the Index to Miss Marsh's Biography, there is a considerable difference, which I hope "the students of English literature in time to come" will not fail to observe.

I conclude by asking three questions, which, unfortunately, I have no means of answering for myself:—

(1) Is the Evangelical in the Church of England to-day as remote from, and unaffected by, what are called (in the Gladstonian sense) "Church Principles" as Miss Marsh appears to have been?

(2) Has Evangelicalism relaxed the hold it once had upon those who may be called, for convenience of reference, the Territorial Classes? and

(3) How does Evangelicalism stand with the Proletariat?

A. B.

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ONE thinks of Sir Edward Cook as a senator of literature. He belongs to the caste of bookmen. He breathes the atmosphere of tradition. There is a sort of loyalism of literature which is the mark of a good bookman. It is revealed in a taste for anecdotes about authors rather than about kings and sultans, in an endless liking for quotations, in a love even of names and dates such as would welcome a Debrett of authors and can enjoy itself by the hour pottering among the genealogical tables and old robes of literature. From one point of view the bookman may be regarded askance as a slippered trifter. His association with the past gives him dignity, but he is undeniably a loungeur and a gossip, a fugitive from the pomp and bellowing of his age, a frequenter of the garden of Epicurus. There are occasions on which one is irritated by the spectacle of an adult human being among his vanities and games—especially, perhaps, when these are intellectual. One resents this bookish aloofness which is a silent criticism of one's own absorption in the problems about which men write leading articles. Even when a bookman enters politics, many people suspect him of bringing along with him the trivial interests of literature. Wisdom that has appeared in the form of a book is looked on as emasculated wisdom. Or we think of it as wisdom's mummy, and label it "academic," "pedantic," or with some such disparaging word. There are many people who seem honestly to believe that Lord Morley and Mr. Birrell would have been better statesmen if they had never learned to read. They do not realize that it is the temper introduced into politics by such men as

Lord Morley and Mr. Birrell that raises the discussion of politics in a civilized State above the level of a pow-wow of barbarians. One of the disquieting phenomena of the present day is that the caste of bookmen is disappearing, and that their place is being taken by demagogues with a sense of the street-corner but without any sense of the universe. I will not defend the idolatry of books: it is as sacrilegious as any other form of idolatry. At the same time, one may reasonably contend that the statesman who has no base of literature to which he can retire for rest and entertainment is more likely than the disciple of great authors to run amuck on a career of experiment without knowledge and adventure without principle.

Sir Edward Cook's "Literary Recreations" is a book of a kind that every man who takes part in affairs ought to be able to write, even though he may not have occasion to do so. One may feel this without subscribing to more than a fraction of the political ideas which the author has stood for in the past. Here is his confession of pleasures, his guide to pleasures, a book full of entertainment and of the natural piety of literature. It is the book of a mind that enjoys rather than creates, though in the "Life of Florence Nightingale" Sir Edward Cook showed that he could build a book as well as admire one. It is written in the mood of urbane gossip, not of glowing criticism. Sir Edward is the sort of bookman who takes more pleasure in reporting the literary opinions of Macaulay, Ruskin, and Tennyson than in pressing his own. Whether he writes on the art of biography, Ruskin's style, indexing, best passages, or variant readings in the poets, the essay, in his hands, is always a mosaic of good quotations, or, if you like the image better, a bouquet in great measure from other men's gardens. Not that he is content to play the indolent part of a connoisseur. He is not only a clever rhapsodist but a courteous interrupter. He quotes Sir Sidney Lee's depreciation of Boswell—"The salt of his biography," said Sir Sidney, "is his literal reports of Johnson's conversations, reports in the spirit of the interviewer"—only to point out that a good interviewer, so far from being a mere echo and shorthand reporter, is a master of a very difficult literary art. Certainly Boswell, as is made clear by Dr. Birkbeck Hill and in Mr. George Mallory's "Boswell the Biographer," not only did not give us "literal reports" of Johnson's conversations, but even altered the latter in some instances as freely as though he had been improving the dialogue in a work of fiction. Boswell's method as a writer of dialogue may be seen if one compares, as is sometimes possible, the report of the same speech of Johnson's in the "Life" and in "Boswelliana." Mr. Mallory showed how in one place Boswell not only compressed two incidents from "Boswelliana" into one in the "Life," but changed Sheridan into Johnson as the chief figure in a story and altered and perfected a famous Johnsonian sentence. This is how Boswell presents his materials in "Boswelliana":—

"Mr. Sheridan, though a man of knowledge and parts, was a little fanciful in his projects for establishing oratory and altering the mode of British education. 'Mr. Samuel Johnson,' said Sherry, 'cannot abide me, for I always ask him, Pray, Sir, what do you propose to do?'"

"From Mr. Johnson: Boswell was talking to Mr. Samuel Johnson of Mr. Sheridan's enthusiasm for the advancement of eloquence. 'Sir,' said Mr. Johnson, 'it won't do. He cannot carry through his scheme. He is like a man attempting to stride the English Channel. Sir, the cause bears no proportion to the effect. It is setting up a candle at Whitechapel to give light at Westminster.'"

Compare with this the final shape given to the same material in the more artistic "Life":—

"He (Johnson) now added, 'Sheridan cannot bear me. I bring his declamation to a point. I ask him a plain question, What do you mean to teach? Besides, Sir, what influence can Mr. Sheridan have upon the language of this great country by his narrow exertions? Sir, it is burning a farthing candle at Dover to show light at Calais!'"

With this evidence in existence of Boswell's methods as an artist Sir Sidney Lee's "literal reports" theory falls to the ground. And, even if we did not possess this evidence, Sir Sidney should have known that to set down a conversation so as to make it live is a feat not of servile accuracy but of genius. As Johnson himself said, it is not every man who can carry a *mot*.

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their way towards perfection of form, and Sir Edward Cook makes this the subject of the last and longest of his essays. In "The Second Thoughts of Poets" he proves by many examples that genius is at least to some extent a capacity for taking pains, and that inspiration often does not come till the second or third time of asking. The first edition of "The Ancient Mariner," for instance (which Macaulay always preferred to the final version) did not contain the great lines—

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;  
At one stride comes the dark."

The first draft of Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" did not contain—

"Magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn;"

but only got as near them as—

"The wide casements, opening on the foam  
Of keelless seas, in faery lands forlorn."

We have evidence of the miraculous effects of labor again in the great line in "Hyperion"—

"Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star."

The original shape of this line was, according to Sir Edward Cook, the much inferior—

"Far from the fiery noon, and evening."

I wonder, however, whether Sir Edward has not omitted a word. I write under correction, but I had an idea that the first form the line took was—

"Far from the fiery noon, and evening star."

Whichever it may have been, there is at least no disputing that here, as almost everywhere else, Keats's second thoughts as a poet were best. Sir Edward Cook, however, like Mr. Robert Bridges and Sir Sidney Colvin, prefers the original opening of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci":

"O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?"

to the later version:

"O what can ail thee, wretched wight,  
Alone and palely loitering?"

One hesitates to oppose three such admirable judges, but surely the change, instead of being a weakness, at once raises the poem from the level of a decorative romance to that of tragic poignancy and substitutes for a Wardour Street figure of a knight the wasted visage of the poet himself.

Wordsworth was less dependent than Keats on second thoughts for his graces. But who will deny that he improved "We Are Seven" by leaving "dear brother Jim" out of the introductory verse, which, as printed in "Lyrical Ballads," ran:—

"A simple child, dear brother Jim,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?"

It is only fair to add that "dear brother Jim" was a suggestion made by Coleridge "half in jest, and they had let it pass—so Wordsworth says—only for the fun of 'hitching-in' a mutual friend whose familiar name was Jim." Perhaps the most interesting emendation of any of Wordsworth's poems was his insertion of the second verse, as we now possess it, in "I wandered lonely as a cloud." This verse does not appear in the first edition of the poem.

It would take too long to follow Sir Edward Cook in detail through the happy changes made in later editions of their work by Tennyson, Edward Fitzgerald, Meredith, and other poets. Almost in every instance, he shows, the change was for the better. Take Rossetti, for example. The first version of "The Blessed Damozel" opened:

"The blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven;  
Her blue grave eyes were deeper much  
Than a deep water, even."

This was afterwards altered—and, good as the first version was, how gloriously altered!—to:

"The blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even."

Tennyson is another poet whose corrections were almost always fortunate. He altered "Enone," between 1833 and 1842, from a literary exercise into a world's marvel. He

made the mistake of leaving out the line "Some one had blundered" from the second version of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," but he put it back again after Ruskin wrote to protest: "It was precisely the most tragical line of the poem. It is true to its history as essential to its tragedy." A number of the changes in Tennyson's poems were made, as Sir Edward Cook points out, as a result of criticism. Thus, in the final version of "The Dream of Fair Women," one of the stanzas about Iphigenia reads:

"The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;  
The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore;  
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;  
Touch'd; and I knew no more."

Originally, in the edition of 1833, the verse had run:

"The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat,  
The temples and the people and the shore,  
One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender throat  
Slowly—and nothing more."

Lockhart at once fell upon this in the comment: "What touching simplicity, what pathetic resignation; he cuts my throat—'nothing more'! One might indeed ask what more she would have?" Sir Edward Cook says that Tennyson altered the verse under the lash of Lockhart's criticism. But Tennyson himself made believe that he did it for other reasons. He declares in his "Notes" that he thought the original form of the verse "too ghastly realistic!"

Of the remaining essays in Sir Edward's book, one of the most attractive is "A Literary Magazine," written to celebrate the jubilee of the "Cornhill." It is one of those essays that are a series of lucky dips into a tub of good things. And, of all the good things Sir Edward has retrieved from the "Cornhill" back numbers, none is more pleasant than George Smith's reminiscence of his relations with the impracticable and impecunious Leigh Hunt. Smith had given Hunt a cheque. Hunt asked him ingenuously, "And what am I to do with this little bit of paper?" He was given bank-notes instead, but he came back the next day to say that they had been accidentally burnt. Agitated though he was, this "had not prevented him from purchasing on the road "a little statuette of Psyche, which he carried, without any paper round it, in his hand." Smith then offered to take him to the Bank about the notes, and there can seldom have been an odder scene in the Bank of England than when Hunt and Smith were ushered into a room "where three elderly gentlemen were transacting business":—

"They kept us waiting some time, and Leigh Hunt, who had meanwhile been staring all round the room, at last got up, walked up to one of the staid officials, and addressing him, said in wondering tones: 'And this is the Bank of England! And do you sit here all day and never see the green woods, and the trees, and the flowers, and the charming country?' Then, in a tone of remonstrance, he demanded, 'Are you contented with such a life?' All the time he was holding the little naked Psyche in one hand, and with his long hair and flashing eyes made a surprising figure."

With this literary anecdote we may take leave of a very pleasant book. "Literary Recreations" is a book about books that sets us down to a table of many courses in the company of good authors. Sir Edward himself is a host who is inclined to remain in the background. He reveals nothing of himself except his opinions—these and his amusements. He does succeed, however, in making his readers share the sinless pleasures of a bookman. Of books of that kind there can hardly be too many.

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O'Brien, writing in the spirit not of the controversialist but of the historian, analyses the effects of the policy as practised in Ireland under conditions infinitely more favourable to success than can ever be imposed upon the Central Powers. So far as we know, even Mr. Hughes does not propose to transfer the soil of Germany to an alien minority, the members of which, sitting as a German Parliament, will cheerfully register at the bidding of London and Paris decrees and prohibitions designed to paralyse German industries and degrade the people to serfdom. This was the solution deliberately devised in eighteenth-century Ireland to safeguard English interests, though in those days, as in our own, racial prejudices and economic rivalries strove to conceal some of their ugliness under the cloak of a lofty moral purpose.

The statesmen of William and Anne knew little and cared less about democracy; their shibboleth was the making of Ireland safe for Protestantism. Until Irish Catholics confessed the error of their ways it was essential, they argued, to deprive them of powers which would inevitably be used to injure the cause of freedom and true religion. So the Penal Code was framed; and tens of thousands of champions of civil and religious liberty defended its worst provisions on the ground that Catholics suffered only because they wilfully preferred darkness to light. To supporters of the Code the final answer to all remonstrances was that Catholics had it in their power to free themselves from these disabilities at any moment. If they preferred to cling to superstitions dangerous to the safety of the State they had no right to complain that the State recognised them only "for repression and punishment." There might have been some excuse for the Penal Code had it been imposed by religious fanatics. Arthur Young, who studied its working at first hand, declares, and modern historians of all schools endorse his conclusion, that "the scope, purpose, and aim of the Law are not against the Catholic religion, but against the industry and property of whoever professes that religion." The name of Protestantism was invoked to cover outrageous infamies by statesmen many of whom cared as little for religion as some of their successors, who denounce Prussianism in all the moods and tenses, care for President Wilson's ideal of democratic freedom.

The object of the Penal Laws, as Mr. O'Brien points out, was to make it impossible for the native population to challenge the supremacy of the minority, into whose possession the confiscated lands had passed. In return for this territorial and political domination England exacted the right to cripple, and in many cases to destroy, Irish industries. Though the phrase had not then come into use, "economic penetration" was already a bogey in the eighteenth century, with the Irish instead of the Germans as the villains of the piece; and there was even a louder clamor than is heard nowadays for the protection of "key industries," which, as one might expect, were precisely the industries most profitable to Ireland. As the Dublin Parliament was under the absolute control of Westminster these decrees were obeyed as a matter of course, and such Planters as questioned the right of England to impose them were bluntly told they were endangering the validity of their own titles.

It is easy to see how a system of this kind impoverished and degraded Ireland, but England, for whose advantage it was established, instead of reaping a profit, sustained almost as heavy a loss. The prohibition of the woollen trade is typical, in its effects, of the futility of the economic boycott. Forbidden to employ their energies at home, some 20,000 workers emigrated to the Continent, where, by developing the woollen trade of Great Britain's most formidable rivals, they deprived her, as Mr. O'Brien says, "of millions instead of the thousands that Ireland might have made." Even so fierce an Imperialist as Froude admitted that "the system worked the extremity of mischief, commercially, socially, politically." The tyranny of landlordism produced still more disastrous results for Great Britain. Her rulers believed it to be to their interest that the Irish landowners should clear their estates and so reduce the numbers of the native population. The men who went abroad, however, were speedily transformed from peaceful tillers of the soil into the best troops in the service of France; and, in a score of campaigns, the Irish Brigades,

of whom, according to the Abbé MacGeoghegan, nearly half a million left their bones on European battlefields, exacted a heavy vengeance for the wrongs of their race. The Catholics went to the Continent to win victories for Spain, Austria, and Naples as well as France; Protestants and Catholics alike found a refuge in America. Eight of the signatories of the Declaration of Independence were men of Irish birth, and emigrants of both creeds were the "shock-troops" of Washington's armies in every battle from Lexington to Yorktown. To take a single example, King's Mountain, which Mr. Roosevelt describes as "one of the decisive victories of the Revolution," was won by a force of Ulstermen commanded by five Presbyterian elders. The loss of the American colonies was only one item in the bill which Great Britain had to pay for her determination to exploit Ireland in the interests of a privileged caste.

Nominally, the system of Irish government was designed to foster Protestantism; and in Ulster the tradition lingers to the present day that the Williamite wars ushered in a new era of prosperity. As a matter of fact, for three generations after the Boyne Protestants were fleeing from Ulster as Catholics have been fleeing from Connacht since the Famine. Mr. O'Brien accepts Newenham's estimate that in the first half of the eighteenth century 200,000 people, mostly from Ulster, emigrated to the British Plantations alone; and the drain on the resources of the province is shown by the fact that inside that period the stipends of many Presbyterian clergymen fell from £50 to £15 a year. It was Protestants who first raised the standard of revolt. The Irish Volunteers were, to use their own description, "Protestants and Protestant Dissenters to a man"; and when they paraded the streets of Dublin and Belfast with cannon whose muzzles bore the inscription "A Free Trade or —" British Ministers realized that this was Lexington over again, with the difference that the odds were heavily in favor of the force which challenged Ascendancy Rule.

The Irish Parliament obtained its independence, leaving the Planters free to decide whether they would be, in Grattan's words, "a Protestant settlement or an Irish nation." Legislative freedom undoubtedly benefited native industries by the removal of crippling restrictions; and Mr. O'Brien has little difficulty in disposing of the charges made by James Connolly in his "Labour in Irish History," that the measures of Grattan's Parliament contributed nothing to the economic progress of the country. Nevertheless, Connolly is right in his argument that class selfishness even more than foreign intrigue destroyed the hopes that had fired men's hearts in 1782. Irish legislators were as little in love with English domination as were the Irish democracy, but they were landlords before they were patriots, and to maintain their territorial rights they were always prepared, in a famous phrase, "to kneel to England on the necks of their Catholic fellow-countrymen." While they were willing to subsidize industry, they would tolerate no interference with a land system which was more oppressive and more inefficient than that of pre-Revolutionary France. This was the real explanation of the opposition to Parliamentary reform through which alone salvation might have come, and it also gives the clue to the tangled intrigues of the Union period. English statesmen wished to abolish the independence of the Irish Parliament for their own purposes. The Irish aristocracy, though well aware of the consequences to the nation, obediently handed over the keys of the citadel, not, as their apologists would have us believe, through devotion to Imperial interests, but as the price of buttressing the tottering fabric of Ascendancy on British bayonets.

Fear of the contagion of French democracy was the motive that carried the Union; and to its modern defenders democracy is still the enemy. The Dungannon Volunteers, anticipating President Wilson, defined freedom to consist "in the consent of the governed to the laws which they were required to obey." Froude, commenting on this, declares "they might as well have said that their consent was required to the law which would break their necks if they fell over a precipice"; and what Froude proclaimed more than a generation ago Sir Edward Carson echoes to-day. Mr. O'Brien is no political hot-gospeller; on the contrary, he writes with scrupulous moderation, and is less anxious



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We were therefore spectators of that blindly suffering and tormented mood gesticulated somehow into verse and justified and redeemed by the fact that it did reflect the obscure emotions of a genuine spirit. And now, suddenly, in "New Poems," that mood is changed or, at any rate, so softened and even idealized that we no longer recognise it for what it was. There are few love and still fewer hate poems in the book, and the old dualism exists rather in phantom memory:—

"Ever the long black figures swoop by the bed;  
They seem to be beckoning, rushing away and beckoning.  
Whither, then, whither, what is it, say  
What is the reckoning?"

He has dared, as he says, to "smite in anger the barren rock." How strange, we exclaim, to have that strenuous, impotent, rebel breasting of the tides of life subdued to a melancholy resignation, an elegiac, sometimes even to a little sentimental reverie.

Here and there is a kind of lullaby note set to a dulcet experimental rhyme melody which, if hardly intrinsically beautiful, does give us a psychological nut to crack:—

"I do not like to hear the gentle grieving, grieving  
Of the she-dove in the blossom, still believing  
Love will yet again return to her and make all good.

When I know that there must ever be deceiving, deceiving,  
Of the mournful cast-out heart, that while she's weaving  
Her woes, her lover woos and sings within another wood."

This is very far from plucking life and passion up by the roots—not to see how they are growing, for Mr. Laurence is never an insincere poet, but to fling them away in despair. It is interesting, too, to observe a corresponding change in Mr. Laurence's method of poetic utterance. In the old days, his habit was to dig some arbitrary, sharp, angular image out of Nature and make it bear the equally abrupt discharge of his emotion. These images were sometimes extremely brilliant and inventive, sometimes grotesquely malformed and inappropriate. When they "came off," it was by a happy accident, since Mr. Laurence was putting the cart before the horse and compelling the general into the particular by a violation of the nature of things. But now he has begun to allow his imagination to play upon

Nature, as light upon a sensitive surface, revealing its quality and texture. Here is an example of the two methods side by side. The poem called "Winter on the Boulevard" begins:—

"The frost has settled down upon the trees  
And recklessly strangled all the fantasies  
Of leaves that have gone unnoticed, swept like old  
Romantic stories now no more to be told."

That conveys both an exact and (but for the slight awkwardness of the second line) a truly pleasing impression, not only to the fancy but to the mind, while at the same time it is unforced—not an invention, but (in its small, unambitious way) a real perception. But the poem goes on as follows:—

"The trees down the Boulevard stand naked in thought,  
Their abundant summery wordage silenced, caught  
In the grim undertow; naked the trees confront  
Implacable winter's long cross-questioning brunt."

It adds nothing to the preceding stanza; it only underlines it, and seems to cut the image out of its context. Nevertheless, the whole poem is left as a little mosaic of description. Mr. Laurence, as it were, opens his eyes to the world and remembers the old unhappy far-off confusions, in the autumnal glow of the great natural changes. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that Mr. Laurence has either written the last page of his autobiography of passion, or that such an end is desirable in itself. A destructive tempest is far more interesting than the untenanted waste it may leave. What indeed we find in these more mellow and philosophic poems is, in the first place, an attempt to measure that passion by and relate it to more objective standards, and in the second to invest it with a greater confidence and security. How that makes for strength—genuine strength, and not a febrile show of it—may be seen in the powerful poem "Seven Seals." We quote its close:—

"Nay I persist, and very faith shall keep  
You integral to me. Each door, each mystic port  
Of egress from you I will seal and steep  
In perfect chiasm."

Now it is done. The mort  
Will sound in Heaven before it is undone.

But let me finish what I have begun  
And shirt you now invulnerable in the mail  
Of iron cuirass, cuirass linked like steel,  
Put greaves upon your thighs and knees, and gail  
Webbing of steel on your feet. So you shall feel  
Ensheathed unconquerable with me, with seven  
Great seals upon your outgoings, and woven  
Chain of my mystic will wrapped perfectly  
Upon you, wrapped in indomitable me."

### The Week in the City.

THERE was some excitement on the Stock Exchange on Monday as a result of the increasing conviction that we are at last on the eve of peace. But hopes of anything in the nature of a boom are not very widely entertained, and there is much concern among cooler heads at the anarchic conditions in Austria and the possibility of revolutionary developments in Germany. After rising again to 62, Consols have relapsed a little, and people are beginning to wonder how the Government will be able to finance the vast war expenditure which is certain to continue for months after the war is over. Until a funding loan can be achieved, there is a danger that the Treasury will resort to inflation of credit, the very thing that ought to be avoided. There has not been much change in money conditions; short loans have been obtainable from 2½ to 3½ per cent. An improvement in the French Exchange is partly responsible for the strength of French Fives which rose to 87½ on Wednesday. Moscow Fives are also better at 61, and Riga 4½ per Cents. at 68. Thursday's Bank Return showed a decline in the Reserve. Next week we shall see the effect of the signing of the Armistice on credit and stocks.

#### THE RECOVERY OF HOME RAILS.

Stock Exchange operators, as well as the investing public, seem recently to have been busy trying to decide what securities are "peace" stock, and what "war" stocks; that is to say, which securities stood to benefit, and which to lose by the arrival of peace. Home rails appeared to have been classed among "peace" stocks, and have enjoyed what, for them, may be described as buoyancy. The moment is suitable for holders to gauge the rise that has taken place.

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